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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

FEBRUARY 16, 1981

\$1.00

## Life in the fast track

*Downhill racer  
Steve Podborski*



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## Rants and raves

Your front cover article *Quest* for a Foxconn Pledge (Jan. 28) is the best portrait of Pierre Trudeau I have ever seen. What a pleasant contrast to the ghastly caricatures so often presented by *Forbes* on his page at the other end of the magazine.

—L.J. MCCABY,  
Schenenburgh, Ont.

I was disappointed in your front cover article on Pierre Trudeau. We don't need to see our prime minister portrayed as some prisoner of political justice. This is a joke, in fact. *Forbes* magazine seems to be more accurately orienting the objective and analytical perspective on the subject. *Forbes* magazine's West Coast ravings have become relevant. Others have also pointed out that Trudeau can't be trusted with a majority and that he is not to press his ego at the expense of his political credibility.

—LAWRENCE PAVEL,  
Dauphin, Man.

## No to nudity

I resent the photographs accompanying your article *The Uglyfettered Fish* (Photography, Feb. 5). There is no doubt in my mind that God made the body of anyone beautiful, but I don't believe a nude has any place in an art gallery or newspaper. My 16-year-old son can tell you what effect these photographs have on him and so can my 10-year-old



Trudeau: never the cause of indifference

daughter, both of whom read *Maclean's*. So, for heaven's sake, use a little discretion in your choice of future photographs.

—ARTHUR C. WOOD,  
Burlington, Ont.

## Neither rhyme nor reason

How can Tom Frantz in his column *Just West of He Groove Up* (Sports, Jan. 28) seriously say that Wayne Gretzky should have won Rookie of the Year honors in the NHL? Gretzky fans said he should have won because he reestablished the winning quality of "the most prodigious in his first year in the NHL." True, Gretzky rated this, but one must remember that he played in the

now-defunct WHA. There is, in my opinion, no reasoning behind Mr. Frantz's comments, except that he was probably a WHA fan who wished the league lived on. Mr. Frantz cannot blame the NHL and must remember that the WHA and its records are defunct, extinct, expired, no more and gone to the great penalty box in the sky.

—CURTIS J. PHILLIPS,  
Windsor

## No place like home

With a headline reading *Defective: New Jersey—A Distasteful Slice of American Pie* (Jan. 28) your readers must wonder why 68 per cent of the state's residents rate it "a desirable place to live." You should know that New Jersey has a higher proportion of its land set aside for ecological reasons than any other state. It is also one of the six wealthiest states and our environmental concerns have been addressed successfully over the past decade. Our control of corruption by our attorneys-general is more extensive of pride than change. New Jersey does have challenges of all kinds, but your article illuminated none of them.

—KATHARINE FENESTRONE,  
Mountainside, N.J.

In your article on New Jersey, you failed to mention Bruce Springsteen, who has done more for the image of the Garden State than any single person since American independence. Last year there was even a suggestion that Springsteen, born in New Jersey, be proclaimed the official state anthem.

—JAMES HALE,  
Gutten

## PASSAGES



**DECEASED** Donald Douglas, 88, the aviation pioneer who made commercial aviation economically feasible, in Palm Springs, Calif. Douglas, honorary chairman of McDonnell Douglas Corp., created the twin-engine DC-3, the first transport aircraft to carry a load of passengers at a profit; in 1936 Douglas started his own aircraft company in 1937 in the back room of a Santa Monica, Calif., barber shop.

**DECEASED** Queen Frederica of Greece, 84, of a heart attack following surgery on an aortic aneurysm after a long illness. Queen Sofia of Spain, Frederica was the widow of King Paul, and the mother of deposed King Constantine of Greece.

was to have become the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's (NATO) deputy supreme Allied commander in Europe this April. As commander-in-chief of the British Army in West Germany until last November, Scutler's army career was distinguished by several decorations including the Order of the British Empire and the Military Cross.



**APPOINTED** Giv Harlan Brandtland, 45, Harvard-educated doctor and member of four, as prime minister of Norway by assent of King Olaf, following Sile's resignation of October 1991.

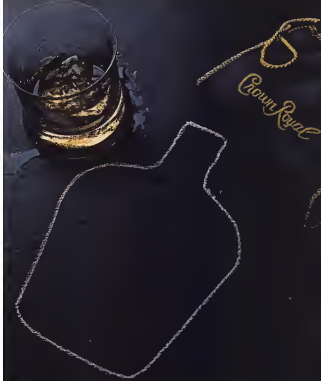
**DECEASED** Cyril Goulet, 85, former assistant deputy minister of research for Agriculture Canada, and director of O-

ttawa's Central Experimental Farm from 1956 to 1969, of cancer, in Ottawa. Best known for pioneering research in cereal grains and wheat breeding, Goulet helped develop the hardy Redfleur wheat and Garry oats while working at Winnipeg's Dominion Plant Research Laboratory from 1935 to 1948.



**DECEASED** Ella T. Grasso, 61, of cancer in Hartford, Conn. The former governor of Connecticut, the daughter of an Italian immigrant baker, she became the first woman in American history to be elected to a governorship. Since her election in 1970, Grasso became legendary for her fragility, she sold the state airplane and insurance and was driven about in a state office car instead. "We learned that you could make do with very little and how to make a little bit go a long way," she once said. Connecticut lived with a small utopian lean—no state income tax.

active Grand Old of Britain, died, 84, at his home near London, England. He



The butler did it.

## Looking through a glass darkly

Your article *Indonesia on the Brink* (World, Jan. 12) gave us the impression that your writer wore her dark glasses throughout her short stay in our country. We are quite aware that a stranger's first impressions of our country are largely based on their own background and values, which are entirely different to our own. Your article told us about the writer's "shock" with people such as Raschid and Anwar and of such things as our country's pollution problems, but this showed only one side of the problem: Indonesia is facing, and still making, of our current five-year plan. We do fervently hope that MacVicar's visit will help us in making the aspirations of the Indonesian people, and for that matter the people of all developing countries, understood in your part of the world. The rise and fall of this country is entirely the responsibility and interest of 148 million Indonesians.

—TIAU THIEB SAUIM  
First Secretary to the Indonesian Embassy of Indonesia, Ottawa

## The facts of the matter

Kudos to MacVicar and, specifically, writer Bill MacVicar for the review *Not the Shadowy Night Town* (Thematics, Jan. 12). It was most refreshing, and highly unusual, for a MacVicar's writer to treat the gay issue with intelligence. One can only hope that MacVicar's piece is a realisation on the part of your magazine that the gay fact is simply that—a fact.

—A NORTH  
London, Ont.

## Cardboard characters

Although your article *Drinking Away to the Old World* (Investigation, Jan. 18) was reasonably informative, many of its quotations were, in my opinion, distasteful. I cannot believe that most



Red market: one side of the problem

Italian Canadians considering a return to Italy think of their fellow Canadians as "a machine" or "an object" or a being with "no sense of individuality." Issues such as reverse migration deserve MacVicar's attention, but can't it be done without those bitter attacks on the personalities of Canadians?

—SCOTT PATTON  
Edmonton

## Taking notes from abroad

Please allow me to compliment Peter C. Newman on his editorial *Lasting for a Nickle in History, Problems Could Wreck Our Future* (Jan. 12). It was "right on," and I think that many Canadians by now must feel the same way. It is interesting to note how some European leaders react to "themselves" when they drop into their country for a visit. Maybe we could learn from them.

—FREDERICK A. BLANCHARD  
Thunder Bay, Ont.

## Clever propaganda

Thank you for your article *Pinner in a Little People* (World, Jan. 12), con-

taining a review of *Attack on the American*. I have just seen the movie and was as disgusted with it as you were. It is a clever, manipulative piece of work describing Central America as the next bastion of communism. I would highly recommend that all who do see this film study further to learn about the oppression and bloodshed that has occurred.

—TIMA MARK SELEPOFFICE  
Toronto

## A sympathetic close up

In your article on Rose and Steve Kustner's film *Shining the Screen* you describe a clip of Lee Remick's mother. Also, that "a grossly overweight mother sob, eyes dripping makeup, double chin trembling with the camera in a tight close-up" (*Thin Green Sheets* at the Echovalley-Jagadey Theatre, Jan. 12). Come on. What I saw was a mother desperately trying to understand her son's sexual preference and having a hard time doing so. The Kustners showed great sensitivity in their portrayal of her. Yes, Lee Remick doesn't couldn't do the same about a mother trying to cope with homosexuality in her own home.

—C. MCROBERT  
Montreal

I have long admired and respected the Kustners' handling of difficult personal tragedies in their films and was interested to read more about their approach. I was disappointed to note the contrast between their honest and non-judgmental portrayal of a woman after surgery for breast cancer, and your writer's description of this woman's "mutilated" breast and "mutilated" body. The burden of dealing with this traumatic experience will not be relieved by the use of such loaded words.

—SARAH BERENSON  
Plymouth

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, MacVicar's magazine, 241 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1A7.

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# Yesterday came suddenly

*'The '60s are a decade on which people take sides'*

By Rick Salutin

It sounds farfetched, but it's hard for me not to feel that the shot that killed John Lennon was fired at the heart of a decade—the 1960s. If the motives of Lennon's slayer are obscure, the symbolic significance of the event is not. A backlash, a vicious counter-attack against what that decade represented, in other way.

Take the religious talk shows on TV. Among their favorite guests are repentant Catholics like. Or comes the former editor of *Playboy*, the drug magazine she describes the depravity of her ex-associates. She is followed by a singer who once starred in *Howl*, that piece in the '60s counterculture. Since 1971—the cursed decade having passed—he performs only in religious coffee houses. Lapsed Catholics or ex-Communists, these people provide

reassurance. It was there, they say, and if you think it was hell, you're right.

Or take Toronto's recent mayoral election. If there was a last gasp of the '60s, it seemed to be incumbent mayor John Sewell, riding his bike to work at city hall. The two reasons that best him were Village '60s—in backlash. There was his conflict with the police, executive of that authoritarian time when cops were pigs, and there was his support of gay rights, transformed by a campaign of slander and innuendo, into charges and whispers that the mayor himself was gay. One alderman said, "It was as though the sky opened and all the garbage in the world fell on Toronto." Perhaps, but it had been raining out there since the days of Woodstock.

A year ago, Marshall McLuhan's colleagues at the University of Toronto voted to disband his Centre for Culture and Technology. McLuhanism had been an odd watchword in the '60s, as universities were its main centers. In those days many academics ground their teeth while students "disrupted" lectures and demanded "relevance" instead of grades. Today the former activists are losing the teaching posts they had won, courses in native rights and women's history are being dropped, and the academic establishment is starting to take its gentler revenge.

Another Myra Kentish has written a book about the '60s in Canada. Reviews have been more of the decade than of the book. Kentish went on phone-in shows across the country with the question: are you for or against the '60s? "Layabouts and welfare bums," roared radio and television personality Jack Webster in Vancouver. "Sounds like a right-on decade to me," said a caller in Regina. Other decisions remove characteristics, positive or negative. This '60s are an object of controversy, a decade on which people take sides.

Not that resentment against the '60s and what they represent is an invention of the '80s. Anxiously was planted at

the time and has grown steadily ever since. Richard Nixon, author of all the era stood far, was elected twice during those years. In Canada, on the other hand, we chose a leader supposed to incarnate the era. In reality he was the stoniest of types, an aging swinger. But the perception of Pierre Trudeau as our most emblem of the '60s has played into the other sources creating frantic hostility against him. In much of the country today, what has changed recently is not the deep resentment cooked by the '60s; it is the degree to which this feeling has surfaced.

And what is this backlash about? What creates the anger over the '60s? At bottom I would say it is about the threat of change, and the fear of change. The '60s were the most recent period during which belief in radical change was widespread. But the '60s were also unique. Other times—among the left of the 1930s, for example—the movement

for change took a fairly defined, rather strictly political form. The movement for change in the 1960s was all over the map. The politics were incoherent and fragmented and, as Kentish points out, there was an unprecedented adulation of culture and lifestyle questions, alongside the politics. It is precisely these cultural challenges—the hair, the drugs, the music, and so forth—that are most threatening to ordinary people contending with their lives. When connected to civil for political and economic upheaval, the rum becomes volatile. It is not surprising the reaction was so strong and lasting. During the '60s,

those pressing for change, regardless of their actual political views, were subjected to red-baiting. Red-baiting still exists here in the dawn of the '80s, but those advocating change are confronted with something new: "Red-baiting."

John Lennon stood, as well as anyone could, for first-time rejection of cultural experimentation and vague left-wing politics that marked the '60s. Many of us who were shaped during those years were shaken more than we would have expected by his death. One friend said he even felt Lennon "died for all our sins"—a thought that would send a shudder of disquiet through Lennon's cremated remains. It was Lennon, after all, who was crucified in an official way that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus Christ. But another friend was in a southern U.S. church that Sunday when the minister said, "This man's widow has asked us to join a vigil for his departed soul at 2 p.m. today." My friend felt grateful that his own sense of loss was shared until the minister added, "Poor woman. She doesn't realize it's too late to pray for that man—and all anyone like him." Well, as Phil Spector, a '60s folk-singer and himself a tragic suicide, remarked in one of my favorite songs of those years, "Who's next?"

Rick Salutin is a playwright (1987), *Les Canadiennes* and Nathan Cohen. A Review and author.

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# Living with 214 cans of chemical worms

*Dump sites abound in northern New York, and residents are asking questions about cancer*

By Linda McQuaig

There's an audible gasp to the warm, sun-filled kitchen. Sitting at her arbutus table having coffee with two friends, Donna Brock has just heard a startling bit of news: one of her neighbors has cancer. The 55-year-old housewife shakes her head slowly. It's the second report of cancer she has heard that day and it only strengthens her conviction that there is some-

thing wrong in the township of Porter-Brock and her family live just outside of Yonkers, N.Y., in a scenic area full of fields, trees and clubhouse homes dating back to the War of 1812—not far from the unimpeachable Niagara Falls. It was this country charm that drew Brock and her husband, Fred, to Porter 20 years ago. But in 1974, a waste disposal company created a landfill dump for poisonous chemical residues just over a kilometer from Brock's house, and about the same distance from a local school complex. Since then, millions of liters of chemical wastes—including known cancer-causing agents—have been buried in metal drums or stored in man-made lagoons. Fearful that the chemicals are contaminating their air and water supplies, residents and town authorities have waged a bitter, and largely unsuccessful, legal battle to force state authorities to ban future dumping. As the toxic chemical

wastes continue to pour into the town, about 100 miles across the United States and Canada, the residents of Porter and neighboring Lewiston have grown used to a foul chemical smell and to a strong suspicion that simply living in the area may be a health hazard. Says 35-year-old resident Danielle DeGasper: "What we're fighting for here is survival."

It's two years since the potential dangers of toxic wastes leaped dramatically to world attention with the evacuation

of the first atomic bomb—that have been stored in a nearby government site for more than 30 years. Fears that the site may be leaking were increased just before Christmas when high levels of radioactivity were found in the liver of a deer shot near the site.

Alarmed by what seemed like a constant series of new cancer cases in the area, Brock and DeGasper and friend Rita Wingo sat down one afternoon last



DeGasper at SC4 and aerial view of chemical dump, concerns largely ignored



of more than 230 homes located near an abandoned chemical dump in Love Canal, a neighborhood of Niagara Falls, N.Y. And while those residents have won sympathy and compensation, little has been done for thousands of residents still living around 214 other chemical dump sites in Niagara and Erie Counties in northwestern New York.

The focus of their concern is the sprawling chemical dump of several hundred acres run by RCA Chemical Waste Services Inc., a subsidiary of RCA Services, which was linked to organized crime in recent U.S. congressional hearings. The company admits its operations are safe, but residents angrily point to RCA's history of chemical spills (at least three convictions since 1977) and violations of regulations, and the state's traditional reluctance to get tough with the company. An additional worry to residents is that the U.S. government's 18,000 tons of radioactive material—

August and came up with 35 names of cancer victims just among their own acquaintances. They then began a door-to-door survey along the rural roads. "People welcomed us enthusiastically when they heard what we were doing," says Brock. The brief survey turned up more cancer cases, including five instances in seven houses on one road, as well as a host of complaints of skin and respiratory problems—conditions that can be caused by chemical pollution.

But though residents feel there is enough evidence of disease to merit a full investigation, they have had little success so far in convincing officials to take a closer look. But Paul Moore of Lewiston's First Presbyterian Church says he has seen at least 50 of his parishioners develop cancer in the past three years, but when he pointed this out to the Federal Environmental Protection Agency he was advised not to be so alarmed. Moore says he has also

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raised little interest among doctors and researchers, who consider his findings insignificant.

One exception is Beverly Pagen, a Buffalo biochemist specializing in environmental toxicology and stalwart defender of Lake Canada's beleaguered furbies during the campaign for government assistance. Pagen would like to see computers monitor toxic wastes at high temperatures—a much safer though initially far more expensive procedure which has already been put into use in Iceland. In the meantime, Pagen says the residents of

Porter and Lewiston have reason to be concerned about the dumps, and adds that the diet that some of the cancers (breast, liver and bone) found in Brock's server are usually found in people exposed to chemicals or radiation suggests there should be further investigation. But with more than 30,000 chemical dumps across the U.S. storing toxic wastes from years of chemical manufacturing, officials haven't rushed to investigate health problems in Porter. "It's like opening a can of worms," says New York health department spokesman William Pagen. "You never



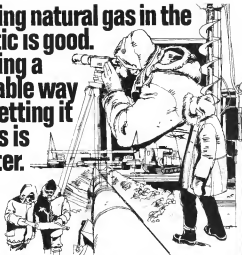
Dr. Cartwright: fighting for survival

know what you're going to find."

Lewiston town Councilor Joan Gipp betrays the weariness of five years of fighting the state over chemical dumps. Sitting in her subphoned office, Gipp says she has seen local opposition to dumping grow in the past few years. Yet even with this popular support, the town has been locked in a fierce battle with the state, which has felt the state's opposition is safe. Lewiston has spent about \$50,000 of its scarce resources in its legal battles against SOA, and citizens' groups have resorted to huckstering and lawsuits to raise money to fight the company. But SOA, the third-largest waste disposal firm in the U.S., has used its ample resources to mount a vigorous counter-campaign in the courts and at public hearings. Up until last month, the state had sided with SOA. But in a surprise move in January, the state appeared to be bowing to local protesters by reopening hearings in connection with SOA's controversial plan to discharge treated wastes into the Niagara River. State environmental spokesman Robert McManis says that the move signals a more rigid policy toward toxic wastes.

Two doors down from the Brock house, 45-year-old Bob Smith sits in the small living room of the house he built nearly 17 years ago. For several years he grew vegetables at the few acres of land around his house and sold them to a local store. But after the chemical dump was built, Smith says he noticed his vegetables deteriorate. "One year I put 99% of my produce on display in the store and within a few days they all rotted." Also that, Smith abandoned his farming. But then last year he received a far cruder blow. His 45-year-old wife developed breast cancer and a new diagnosis: multiple chemotherapy. Smith is convinced that the cancer is related to the chemicals, but doctors he can't prove it. "All these guys with their fancy words may deny it," he says. "But that doesn't mean much when you see someone you love slowly dying." ☐

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## Portrait of a C.G.A.



Sandra Cartwright, C.G.A.  
Manager of Treasury Services, Town of Whitby

What Sandra Cartwright likes about working for the Town of Whitby is that it is still small enough to allow her to have a wide scope of responsibility and get a "real fix" on what's happening. There's a strong sense of community in Whitby, she says, and although it is just 30 minutes from Toronto, the town is not a bedroom community. Sandra has worked for the town for 2 years and is currently the Manager of Treasury Services. The tax, purchasing and accounting departments are her responsibility. These departments encompass a variety of functions from procuring supplies and collecting taxes to purchasing snow removal equipment or other needs for town use.

Sandra Cartwright is a Certified General Accountant (C.G.A.).

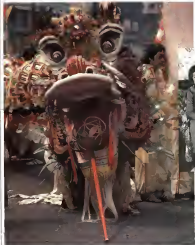


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# A new year, a new country and a new lease on life

Canada's Vietnamese have a lot to celebrate



By John Faustmann

**P**arades, feasts and fireworks this past week marked the start of the Year of the Rooster in Vancouver's Chinatown. For many of the city's 7,000 newly arrived Vietnamese refugees, however, there was little time for celebration on their first New Year's in Canada, for the day was just another working day.

The former target of a Vietnamese Communist purge against ethnic Chinese, the Red People have now established themselves here with a helping hand from government and community social services, church groups and pri-

vate sponsors. The year has seen most refugees settled into jobs and new homes, and on the eve of the Feb. 5 New Year's celebrations they joined the crowds in Chinatown for their holiday shopping. "The supermarkets were there," said one community worker who has worked with the refugees. "Chinese makes them feel right at home."

Perhaps owing to the deprivation they suffered in Vietnam, the refugees are big spenders when it comes to food—it's a high priority in their meagre budgets—and, along with Greater Vancouver's 80,000 Chinese, they joined the shops seeking the ingredients for their traditional New



New Year's parade in Chinatown, the Steven Ho family, an auspicious line of new beginnings

small sums of "lucky money" were given to the children, and everyone wore the new clothes and shoes that are a must at New Year's. Shops sold figurines of the legendary Chinese gods of prosperity, property and good fortune, and Chinese language newspapers printed extra pages of New Year's greetings. Only the herbal druggists, with their wares of dried herbs, ginseng and bears' gallbladders, were empty. It is considered bad luck to buy medicine at New Year's.

Shops closed, accounts were settled and families spent time together. There were art shows, dance performances and community banquets, and on Sat. day, Feb. 5, to the many accompaniment of thousands of black-market fireworks, the lion dance parade unfolded through the Chinese business district.

For many Vietnamese, however, New Year's was less than glitter and celebration. "They don't make much money," said Thomas Lam, a community worker for a Chinese neighborhood social ser-

vice named SUCCESS. "On the whole the refugees have established themselves quickly, but many of them just barely manage to survive." To date, survival has meant accepting the first jobs offered—minimum-wage, repetitive tasks in factory workers and sales jobs here. But markedly inferior by Western standards, the Vietnamese will sometimes work 18-hour days, seven days a week. One letter to the editor in the success refugee newsletter spoke of the "unbearable shame" of collecting unemployment insurance benefits.

Typical, yet in some ways luckier than their fellow Vietnamese, is the Steven Ho family who live in Vancouver's ethnically diverse East End. Steven, 40, and his wife, Kim, 36, feel fortunate to have found employment, and even more fortunate to have found the crowded, well-kept basement suite where they live with their three children—Amy, 18, son Ching-ming, 10, and younger daughter Hui-hsin, 4. During the day, with the children in school, Steven works as a shipyard welder and Kim goes to her job in an unemployment-stuffed clothing factory. Evenings are a family time spent watching a modestly possessed television. As the children play or do their homework, Kim and Steven indulge in the Canadian pastime of planning the family budget and fretting over inflation.

Originally from Huiphong, North Vietnam, the Hs were steadily for years to buy enough gold to bribe soldiers and book passage aboard a small, overcrowded sailboat. "We had to leave. It was very bad in Vietnam," said Steven, who preferred not to recall their lives under Japanese and French occupation, American bombing raids and an austere North Vietnamese government. "There was no food. The people were always hungry. The war never stopped." After 54 days at sea their boat arrived safely in Hong Kong, but Kim's mother drowned in the escape.

Sponsored by an Anglican Church group, they arrived in Vancouver 10 months ago and, while they miss the culture and language of their old country, their first New Year's in Canada was a happy one. Learning English has been their most difficult problem, but they make steady progress with it and laugh when Ching-ming corrects his father's pronunciation.

And while their first Canadian New Year's was tinged with sadness for absent relatives and circumstances by economic necessity, the Ho family feels at home here now. "I want to become a Canadian citizen," Steven says. "This is a good country. I like it very much." Along with other Vietnamese, they wish Canadians the traditional New Year's greeting: may you be happy (may you prosper). ☐

## KAHLÚA and Vodka mmmm.

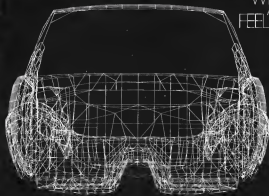
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## Different ideologies; different diagnoses

Despite a proposed UN resolution, Nestlé boycott organizers say they will press on

When an international boycott of Nestlé products began four years ago, it drew world attention to a phenomenon that had concerned Third World observers for almost two decades. Critics alleged that the improper marketing of baby bottle formulas in the Third World by companies such as the H&J-Influs Swiss-based Nestlé S.A. had, by discouraging breastfeeding and permitting unhealthy arti-

mil substitutes. But hopes that the code, to be voted on by the 1980's 150-member general assembly in May, will end the dispute have proved too optimistic. A letter from the International Council of Infant Food Industries, a trade organization whose president, R. W. Saunders, is a non-president of Nestlé, states that "the world industry has found this present draft code unacceptable." The determination of the world industry to ignore the code means that the boycott is certain to continue. Says Doug Clement, research co-ordinator for boycott leader Infant Formula Action Coalition (Infact): "We can't stop the pressure until Nestlé sits down with the international boycott committee."

Boycott organizers were disappointed that WHO voted in Geneva to adopt the code as a recommendation rather than a regulation. Dr. Margaret Law, the Canadian scientist deputy minister of health and welfare and a WHO board member who supported the recommendation, said, "It would have a more immediate impact [than a regulation]." The code, however, will only work insofar as member countries are willing to enforce it through legislation. In this respect, a regulation is generally considered more binding than a recommendation, although neither makes legislation com-

pulsory. According to David Hallman, a co-ordinator in Canada for Infact, "Industry will ignore a WHO recommendation and it will be business as usual."

Nestlé defends business as usual, arguing that it has already altered its marketing practices to accommodate the major concerns expressed by the WHO. A year after the boycott began in 1971, Nestlé agreed to suspend sales in developing lands, suspended the controversial practice of sending so-called medical representatives into hospitals to give free samples to patients. Mary Swenson, of Infact in Minneapolis, acknowledged that Nestlé has honored the agreement in part, but says there have been numerous infractions. The International Babyfood Action Network has documented 680 violations of the October, 1973, WHO recommendations, a third of which are attributed to Nestlé. A further point of dispute is the prevention and distribution of free samples of infant formula to medical officers and hospitals, a practice Nestlé defends as educational and a normal part of doing business.

Another part of the firm's business is a campaign to discredit the boycott. Nestlé widely distributed an article from *Parade* magazine that was favorable to its case, and has given \$25,000 to a conservative Washington foundation that has been critical of church involvement in political activities and whose president denounced the boycott in the *Wall Street Journal* last month.

Saunders, in an August memo leaked to *The Washington Post*, summarized the anti-boycott activities as "moving in the right direction." He said the strategy of limiting the boycott without drawing attention to the Nestlé effort or raising awareness of the boycott itself was working. The *Parade* article, which accused boycotters of being "Marxists marching under the banner of Christ," was valuable, Saunders wrote. "There must be maximum exploitation of the opportunities presented."

Reporters protest against the political elaboration of the debate. "We're tired of being treated as an ideological issue, when this is a health issue," said Doug Abrams, Infact's medical chairman. The truth of the matter, however, is that both sides have used ideological angles and will likely continue to do so in a battle that drags on and on.

—ANDREW MCNEILL

With files from Nancy Wilson Lyons



of the product, contributed to thousands of cases of malnutrition, disease and death. Nestlé contended that its marketing—about two million of the six million Third World children on formula use Nestlé products—was not to blame. But a formidable body of church organizations and individuals (among them the Anglican Church of Canada, the Canadian Council of Churches, Gloria Steinem, Dr. Benjamin Spock and the United Asia Workers) did not agree and threw their support behind the boycott. Late last month the United Nations' influential World Health Organization (WHO) met in Geneva to polish up the fourth and final draft of a restrictive code that would severely restrict promotion and distribution of breast

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CANADA

# His truths and consequences

*An embarrassing week of leaks, with promise of bloodshed ahead*



By John Hay

**I**t was one of the most provocative moments Pierre Trudeau has ever endured in public. Caught in his own contradictions, he rose in the Commons last week and admitted to what he blandly called "lack of candour" in his earlier account of a crucial constitutional talk with British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Inside 10 Downing Street last June, Trudeau now says, he told Thatcher he would push his plan for a new constitution with or without provincial consent, and he warned her that Quebec, far out, would likely oppose any partition bill to be sought from Westminster. Right after that meeting, however, he told reporters the possibility of provincial dissent had never been raised. Explained Trudeau last week: "I put my testimony before front on by saying that the package was so good that the provinces would agree, that I was a Liberal, I was optimistic and I was confident that this whole thing would go through. This is what I told the press." It was perhaps an understandable attempt for a prime minister then facing a number of hard bargaining with the provinces. But the episode can only have aggravated Britain's official discomfort at being too-

Thatcher; Trudeau in Toronto last week perhaps an understandable attempt

slowly but surely into Canada's constitutional culture.

Whitcomb's scenario, in fact, could be heard in a week-long stream of leaks in London and Ottawa—all of which were playfully exploited by Joe Clark and the Conservatives. The London leaks were the usual marks of authorization from very high levels in the British government, those from Ottawa bespoke a Canadian unhappiness with events. But their goal was similar in all cases. British cabinet members have grown increasingly worried that the resolution yet to be passed by the Canadian Parliament will prove awkwardly contentious in the British Parliament. Sir Anthony Ker, chairman of the British Commons Foreign Affairs Committee, made his case last week while visiting Edmonton as a trip financed by the city's Chamber of Commerce. "It is clear that the role of the British Parliament is as guardian of the federal nature of the Canadian constitution," said the Old Roman. That is an argument that stinks in Trudeau's eyes and maybe other Canadians. "It is not for the Brit-

ish front- or back-benchers to judge whether what the Canadian government and Parliament in doing is right or not," declared the PM. "It is for the Canadian people to judge what we are doing."

Whistled by Trudeau's conference of newsmen, the Tories lapped for more. Old Ottawa missed the British to think the constitutional package would not contain a charter of rights? Did Francis Pym, now Thatcher's House leader, tell Ottawa that Westminster won't handle the Canadian bill until it has been upheld in the Supreme Court of Canada? Trudeau's reply to both is, although Pym did tell Canadian ministers that the most cases add to the "appalling difficulties" the issue raises at Westminster. Throughout, Trudeau and his ministers have insisted that Thatcher shares their view of the constitutional necessities, that the British government must restore a joint resolution of the Canadian Parliament and move it through its own Parliament without asking whether the provinces support it.

The week's oddest event began when New Democrat MP Ian Wedel complained that, though a lawyer, he "was shocked" to be labelled by Trudeau's high commissioner in Ottawa, Sir John Ford, External Affairs Minister Mark Mac-

Maclean's

Gauguin told the House he had heard the same stories, which Senator Sir John told a news conference. In a manner either elegant or superior, Sir John said he had merely acquainted Waddell with the facts. "It would be a very great mistake to assume the British Parliament would immediately do exactly what they were asked to do" by the Canadian Parliament. Despite Thatcher's scepticism in Parliament, she could not guarantee passage of a bill. It was a nuance that did not impress Justice Minister Jean Charest. "The age of being taught from England is passed," Charest told British backbenchers as he walked. Charest asserted, "They have to pass it—it's as simple as that."

Meanwhile, last-year constitutional bargaining between Ottawa and Regina



with William Davis objected, instead, that Tony MP David Crombie calls "the seating chair amendment" was adopted, permitting any provision to make itself binding. To secure Senate support, Charest restored its vote-over future constitutional amendments—a "central ailment," said New Democrat David Johnston. Having lost a 3 to 2 decision in the Supreme Court of Appeal, the provinces challenging Ottawa will be contesting the package in the Supreme Court. But it will undergo force pending in Parliament first, then go to Westminster, where Rushan predicts bloody debate. By rights, if the matter comes to any court, it will be spelled should be spelled in Ottawa, not London.

With Jans from their blower in Regina, Wayne Skene in Edmonton and Jan Mathier in London.

## Quebec

### Big jets, big stink

The leaving of balloons is still a sound more common than the roar of jet engines on the periphery of Mirabel International Airport. More than 1,000 farms were expropriated to make way for transportation and movement Mirabel, which is as far from Montreal (54 km) that downtown car rental offices levy a \$10 drop-off charge for vehicles left at the terminal. Mirabel finally remains more suited to agriculture than to airplanes: a \$7-million industrial park adjacent to the airport's operational zone has stayed barren since its inception in 1976 because Ottawa refuses to sell the land outright. While Quebec has noted it for far too long.

Last week the federal government tried to make partial amends for its boondoggle in the boondocks by promising to sell back some of the rich farmers it needlessly expropriated in 1960. The government's plan to sell back most of the farmland in tenants, though much of it has deteriorated since. A Crown corporation is to be created to decide who should have first choice on the land and for how much. And that problem may present more noise than the Boreas and the Boreas together.

A cluster of dispossessed farmers and resident renters argued Thursday over the de-expropriation of the land, hardly taking time to celebrate their demerit with federal authorities over the 79,000 agricultural acres they met in the church hall of Ste. Scholastique, a village whose very



Mirabel protesters, 1975 and (below) visited Jean-Paul Raymond not week. More noise than Boreas and Boreas



name has been offset from official maps along with 12 other thriving and picturesque communities which disappeared into the name of the massive municipality of Mirabel. About 60 homes in Ste. Scholastique were ruled by the government for no obvious reason and city-dwelling behind boarded windows. Just as damaged were the lives of those forced to sell family patrimony. Only active farmers remain, all of them federal government tenants. The attempt to repair the farming community may come out deeper pain. The future Crown corporation will have the Salomon task of deciding who will have purchasing priority: the original owners, farmers who may have maintained and improved the land for the past 30 years, or the highest bidder.

Already, divorce of the spoils has broken the solidarity of the committee of expropriated owners. Stud committee President Jean-Paul Raymond, whose farm is now covered by Mirabel's runway. "It would be idiotic if the government charged more to a farmer than it paid him when he was expropriated."

But neither he nor anyone else could suggest simple solutions. "We have an immense job just to decide what we want."

Local authorities pray the land sale progress a solution to the mid-air status of Mirabel's industrial park. Owned jointly by the federal and provincial governments, the park first remained empty because Ottawa simply refused to sell any land to prospective owners, insisting that they build as rented time. Then in 1978, Quebec covered the 2,000-acre "industrial" area with a blanket agricultural zoning decree. The industrial park administration this week was to negotiate purchase of the land from the federal government and then, dead in hand, beg the provincial cabinet to lift the zoning rule.

Park Vice-President Jacques Bessiere says the change is urgent because Mirabel could be the site for construction by a major oil company of a liquid hydrogen plant. The hydrogen would be used first by Montreal oil refineries but eventually, in Bessiere's vision, it would power a new generation of aircraft and, more importantly, a heavily needed rail link between Mirabel and its distant client city, Montreal. But with its strong legacy of insensitive expropriations and jurisdictional jealousies, it will take a lot more than a puff of hydrogen to clear the barn stall from the air over Mirabel. —DAVID THOMAS

## B.C.

### Crossed wires in the war rooms

Operating with Touch-Tone precision, union employees fingered out at 8:00 B.C. Telephone centers throughout the province, where they heard later the company was in their hands. While B.C. Tel officials fumed

and threatened to invoke "the full force of the law," hundreds of men and women of the 11,000-member Telecommunications Workers Union (TWU) held down the line for the night, evening out the sewer until they have a new collective agreement. They also promised to keep the telephone system running "area better" than under normal supervision. By week's end, the occupation was still in effect and workers were barely sweating the outcome of a court hearing on the matter scheduled for Monday morning. B.C. Tel was calling it "near anarchy."

The union takes the view the administration of month-of hit-and-run skirmishes between the union and workers, who generally considered to have the most personal labor relations in the province. Only once in the past 12 years have they managed to settle a contract without some form of outside assistance, and past disputes have been solved by violence and vandalism. Tensions were abnormally high during these disputes because B.C. Tel has 2,000 supervisors able to maintain adequate service. Since customers continue to pay their phone bills, the company can actually profit by a strike.

Union President, IBB Clark, whose ramped penalty below the public's range of hard-core labor leaders, says the union relied on new tactics were necessary and that the current guerrilla strike was worked out during previous gaining drink-tank unions last summer. It went into effect last last week after a TWU member was sent home for wearing an anti-company T-shirt—a move the union believes was the tip of company intentions to impose a total lockout. Clark has worked hard to curb his volatile membership during the protracted contract dispute, a strategy he says is learned long ago from an old baseball coach: "When you lose your temper and get out of control, you turn the game over to the other side," he says. "To opposed to socialism and violence as I am, I'm a partisan, but because it's a labor's game." If police are eventually called to erect some security

B.C. Tel employees occupying telephone offices last week. Touch-Tone precision



Fyfe Ford's discontent at being lowered into Canada's constitutional cauldron

was pattering out. Keen for support, from at least one western province, Trudeau had already agreed to changes wanted by Saskatchewan's Allan Rock and tendered by New Democrat Ed Broadbent. Passed last week by the constitution committee, those give provinces power to levy indirect taxes on, and manage, resources, and give them some say over interprovincial trade in resources. But Blakeney was holding out for more, some share in the overriding federal control of international trade, and a scheme permitting a number of provinces to trigger a referendum to amend the constitution in the future—a power that resolution limits to the feds. A secret meeting in Toronto between Energy Minister Marc Lalonde and Saskatchewan Attorney-General Roy Romanow offered enough hope for Romanow, his deputy and a senior federal official to fly to Saskatoon Jan. 25 to put a compromise to Blakeney, who was drawn from his usual island vacation. The premier remained discontent but gave no final answer. By the end of that week Trudeau was disgusted. "Blakeney—he never knows. He never will know," he put matters. The deal was off. Strides

plans, Clark pledges opposition will be "passive and nonviolent," although he admits some indignations may remain. B.C. Tel spokesman Keith Marchant retorted: "We no longer have control of our telephone system. It's one of the most serious things that has happened in the history of the company, because of the potential peril to our equipment."

The two sides have made little progress at the bargaining table since B.C. Tel rejected third-party recommendations by federal conciliation commissioners Ed Peck last September. The last B.C. Tel strike-lockout, in 1971-72, was also prompted by the company's rejection of a third-party report and it lasted three months.

—ROD MCKENLEIGH

## Alberta

### Stealing a gripe from the grapes

What do California grape growers, Kraft cheese and Pierre Elliott Trudeau have in common? They have all been the subject of boycotts by protest groups. Stealing a page from Gomer Chert's about-a-gripe column, Alberta's United West Association (UWA) is fervently convinced that an immediate campaign to boycott all Ontario and Quebec manufactured goods and services will bring Trudeau to his senses.

The Brooks, Alta.-based organization, opposed to the federal government's constitutional and energy packages, plans to put the squeeze on manufacturers, automobile, oilfield and farm machinery, food, clothing, transportation—anything that comes from the East that we can find an alternative for, or cancel orders on," claims Pat Brown, president of the 300-member UWA.

With the support of local businesses, United West plans to put \$5,000 to \$10,000 into "Red Westerns" brochures and full-page ads in provincial newspapers. Already, Brown claims, oilfield suppliers in the Brooks area southeast of Calgary, who buy up to 70 per cent of their products from the East, have seen the light and are beginning to consider everything from alternative steel to hydraulic equipment (at higher prices) from the United States or Pacific Rim countries. "We're suffering financially now," claims Brown. "We might as well get satisfaction out of it." UWA hopes to influence Ontario manufacturers specifically, who will presumably pass a message along to the



Wallows is adding frustration to injury



Brown: "We're suffering now as well get satisfaction out of it"

electronic Premier (B) Davis—damp Trudeau."

Brown is also hoping that Alberta consumers will be aware of boycotting in their avoid purchases, reaching for Lada, rather than Ontario cheddar. Butchers in Brooks (pop. 3,000) claim they have yet to feel the pinch in the consumer switch, although one smoke shop reports a run on American capitol flowers, a local travel agent ad-

"A previously announced boycott of Ontario products by the 200 member Energy Services Association of Douglas Valley used of 800 tonnes, was shelved in late December after the Canadian Manufacturers' Association pledged to continue its lobbying of the federal government on behalf of the mild offenders. Pat Brown called the shelling a setback.

sure that both commercial and vacation-board travellers are now requesting reservations as "any airline except Air Canada." And plans for a new Petro-Canada gas bar in Brooks are now lodged in limbo.

"It's not Petro-Canada they're mad at, it's that Pierre Trudeau," claims Earl Wallows, telegraphed letters of a Petroleum Canada 30 km south of Brooks on Highway 36 150 gasoline sales, which had been showing a steady month-to-month increase, have dropped 22,000 litres a month since the announcement of the boycott—a \$900 loss.

To add frustration to injury, Wallows has had to watch one of the year's heaviest traffic loads pass his station by. Highway 36 is a route favoured by drivers of the estimated 1,500 trucks carrying 60 oil rigs south to greener oil patches in Wyoming and Montana.

—WAYNE SCHUB

## Nova Scotia

### You can't bulldoze an honest man

Three years ago, John Foster was like any other farmer in Lunenburg County, N.S. On his 300-acre, largely husband farm near Wynnecott Settlement he kept a few animals, grew enough to feed his family and worked occasionally as odd jobs. Single-horned cattle him unproductive and hard-working today, they say he's possessed—driven by a belief that the legal

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system is out to destroy him. In the past decade, Fennar, at his age 88, said to his lawyer, registered-law-dollar lawsuits against judges, the attorney-general, even his own lawyer, changing obstruction of justice, fraud and conspiracy. "He just got it into his mind that we live in a warped society here," says neighbor Roy Fennar, "and he didn't know when to quit. The man is completely obsessed."

Neighbors may see Fennar as an arse character, stubborn and recalcitrant, but that didn't mean they turned their backs when municipal council of Lanesburg County decided to evict him in the dead of winter. The council had bought Fennar's farm two years earlier in 1985 for \$250,000. His wife, Helen, and five children stood

in the rain and watched their two-story 140-year-old farmhouse was abruptly flattened by a bulldozer just before Christmas. "When I saw these people trying to gather up their belongings from the rubble, with tears in their eyes and pain in their hearts," says Fennar. "I thought, my God, this is the most inhumane, most terrifying thing that's ever been done in this county."

The community agreed. Angered citizens called public meetings, launched the Lanesburg County Citizens Relief Society, raised \$2,000 and rented a mobile home from Fennar for the Fennars to live in on their old farm. For that it was a moral issue. But for the council it was simply a legal one ("What about his financial morality in taking his family got into that situation?" asks

county warden Lee Macaul and the county solicitor Len Good neighbor Fennar's notice of action for having his mobile home on land the county claims it now owns. Electrical service, requisited by the council, will be cut off no later than June 1.

The story of how Fennar got into his predicament started in 1975, when he learned what should have been a straightforward legal action to prove he held proper title to the land. The first hearing was attended, he says, by Leonard Poon, the provincial attorney-general of the day, who later denied he was present. From then on Fennar became convinced that the judge and lawyers on both sides were deceiving him, so he started a series of court actions against them for conspiracy and fraud.

## No exit for Entrance

Motorists pulling up to the Entrance General Store get their gas from gravity-fed pumps of a sort rarely seen outside of museums. The store interior, with its hardwood floors and antique fixtures, is another museum piece, but the traps hanging from the walls, the heavily made-over size and the health food rack are the daily reminder of life in Entrance, a tiny Alberta community 15 km east of Jasper National Park. People there haul water from a spring and deliver it in jerry cans, many heat with wood, none go without electricity and telephones. For the 60 residents of Entrance, that's the way it's always been and they want their life to continue at its turn-of-the-century pace. But, with the aid of the town last week, a 20th-century tourist resort is looming on the picturesque postcard view.

Entrance, named because it is the "entrance to the Rockies," is an agricultural village. Entrance 1 has been privately owned since it began life in 1903 as a station stop for the Grand Trunk Railway. Then Elmer Lyle of Edmonton bought the town in 1975 because it was "a beautiful piece of property with a good future," but that's the overall revenue saw Entrance put up for judicial sale last fall. The only offer—\$271,000—was rejected by the court, but Terium Homes Ltd., an Edmonton area real estate company that had been buying the town for a couple of years, came through with a better offer—\$400,000 between \$380,000 and a million," says President Al Sonnenhagen.

Sonnenhagen is clearly looking to improve his acquisition. He agrees En-



John Carson (front) and Warren Kain at Entrance's general store

trance people would want to keep the town they run but the buyers have said they would "upgrade" and septic systems installed. He expects the rest of the 204 acres that Terium bought will be subdivided into a color-coordinated, chalet-type recreational housing development for Edmontonians now 30 km away. "I don't know just how far we'll go with development," he says.

For Entrance residents, just about any recreational development will be too far. "Entrance" Angelina Desjarlais, 66, who was expelled from Jasper National Park 35 years ago and has since lived in Entrance, has already declared, "I'd have to carry me out looking and screaming." Other residents have taken their cue as Alberta Culture, asking for an historic site designation that would protect special

buildings. Charlotte Henshaw, an area resident, is most concerned about saving the general store, which opened in 1907. But there's also history, she says, in the community hall, the boarding house, the store manager's original house and a trapper's cabin (the trapper having been taken after one of the store owners with a gun).

The store, says Henshaw, "states" to a way of life some people will live around here" just as Entrance, itself, does. "Everybody here could afford to live in Entrance if they wanted to," she says, referring to the nearest big modern town. "But they want the life they have here where you can run kids outside without complaints. Entrance offers a choice. You can live with wind or propane, do without electricity or have a TV. It's a life you couldn't find anywhere else. I'd hate to see the place turn into another little town."

—BRIGANNE ZWARTZ



Fennar's fears in eyes, pain in hearts

He has been to the Supreme Court of Canada twice. When John Fennar learned that he could start an action by himself without a lawyer, he was like a child with a new toy," says Walter Cook, a Lanesburg lawyer who sympathizes with Fennar but calls his legal problems "one big glorified mess."

In 1978, because Fennar hadn't paid a \$1,300 debt to a contracting company, the firm was seized by the county sheriff. An sheriff's-ear-bud by Fennar to clear the debt was rejected and the land was sold to the municipality. The sale of had been publicly interested in the land for several years because it borders the municipal waste disposal site. Fennar insisted a rat had launched a \$50-million suit against the Crown for allegedly selling his land. Seven neighbors agreed the action was unwarranted.

"Why would they (the sheriff's office) go after a man's land?" asks lawyer Cook, "when they could have taken one of his trucks or a tractor?" Fennar's suit was tossed out of court last spring, opening the door finally for the municipality to evict him.

His neighbors say there's a time to fight and a time to admit defeat and he does, but John Fennar doesn't agree. He has just launched another million-dollar lawsuit, this time against the municipality on behalf of his wife for loss of her dove rights in the property. "When I give up," says John Fennar, "it will be when the truth is out."

—BOB COLLIER

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# Dismal diagnosis

Reagan prepares the nation for a tough budget



Reagan after TV address: enough to give a chief executive stage fright

By William Lowther

**I**f Ronald Reagan had had any choice, he would probably have preferred not to make his prime-time television debut as president of the United States trying to sell hard times in the traditional home of easy living—for the middle classes, that is. Like his "television intimacy" are enough to give any chief executive stage fright, and that made Reagan's performance last Thursday night all the more impressive.

Advance billings from White House aides were a tough dawning, memories of Jimmy Carter not having failed altogether. Reagan, they said, would deliver a "lecture" on the broad sweep of America's economic plight. Fortunately, though he occasionally resembled a supply teacher as he delivered his homely and wrestled with a board as

which were graphically displayed the end products of the nation's extravagance, it turned out to be nothing of the kind. As even, the president, on the eve of his 78th birthday, was all simple truths and avuncular affability.

To demonstrate the tenacity of inflation, he dished a 1968 dollar bill in one hand and showed the 50 cents in small change that it is worth today in the other. To explain what the nation had to do to curb its spendthrift tendencies, he resorted to the analogy of a child's allowance.

In all respects, it was a performance of consummate skill. The TV audience of millions was left in no doubt about the apocalyptic nature of their plight—"judgment day" was now, or that the blame lay elsewhere—economic forces had been "rattling out of control" for years, or that the "system is sound" as

best—but why bother to take remedial action? To be sure, Reagan was short on specifics, but that was because his purpose was to create a receptive mood for the unpleasant details presented for real work.

In any case, enough is known about administration thinking to at least sketch in what these may be. To stimulate economic revival activity, Reagan is proposing a 10-per-cent annual cut in personal income tax rates for each of the next three years. Reversing out the package, he proposes to slash government spending, cutting the budget of almost every department except defense. Although initial cuts remain secret, a preliminary list circulating in Congress includes deep sacrifices for such programs as food stamps, meals for poor schoolchildren, jobs for the unemployed and compensation for workers who have been laid off.

There is also deferral or elimination of several space projects, areas in national energy development programs, the termination of popular urban development grants, withdrawal over time of subsidies for the postal service and 50-per-cent cuts in aid for the arts and humanities. "The poor will all else that conservative Republicans consider unnecessary will suffer the most," said a spokesman for the Democratic party, who asked not to be named.

But if that is so, there was little credit at week's end. Indeed it was a measure of Reagan's success, in my opinion, of his skill for public relations, that black leaders arrived to the Oval Office for a pre-broadcast discussion emerged singing his praises. What have they been missing a year from now, the president may have felt, in something that can easily be left until then. ☐

## Traitor in a heroless war

**F**ew Marine Corps officers, all decorated Vietnam veterans, will dispute this week how to punish Bobby Garwood. They could send him to jail for the rest of his life. For Private First class Garwood, tall and lean and haunted, was reported last last week of collaborating with the enemy in Southeast Asia. It made him the first official traitor in a war that had no heroes. They sought to show him, said a private military man, snugging up the corridors outside the eastern wood-paneled room at Camp Lejeune, N.C., where Garwood's 10-week court martial was held. And there were parties in the camp's MCO club to celebrate the verdict.

Robert Russell Garwood was born as



Garwood (below, court) (top), and missing another: tortured and he snugged

April Fool's Day, 1948. His mother abandoned him when he was 4 and he was brought up by a series of stepmothers in poverty in southern Illinois. He ran away from home so many times that his father had him declared a juvenile delinquent. He was 18 and a jeep driver, when the Vietnam captured him near Da Nang. He had a gunshot wound that became infected. For his two-year square hunko cage, he was thrown into pits filled with leeches, put in stocks for two weeks at a time while children were encouraged to poke him in the rectum with sticks. He was beaten and he was tortured. And he was snugged.

When other Americans, some 300,000, came across him two years later he was, in the words of prosecution witness Gustave Melius, who was one of them "something like the Vietnam, walking like them and speaking like them." Some other former POWs testified that Garwood acted as interpreter, told prisoners to "cross over," informed on them and ate well while comrades starved.

In response, the defense produced witnesses such as Dr. Edmund Tarnay, a Detroit psychiatrist, and Nam construction camp survivor, who said Garwood suffered an experience so he can being could survive without emotional injury. His conscience simply ceased to operate, said Tarnay. The defense also revealed that eight of the 10 POWs who returned after the war in 1973 were charged with similar of-

ferences, but that the charges were dropped soon after one man, a Marine sergeant, committed suicide. To the prosecution replied that Garwood's case was different. He stayed in and only got worse in 1970 after 14 years in Vietnamese hands. But so the Baltimore star editorialized at week's end "Vietnam vets carry around heavier psychological baggage than their predecessors—they fought a war millions of Americans were ashamed of. The former Iraq hostages deserve sympathy. So, for that matter, does Bobby Garwood."

—W.L.

## A scandalous blow to boxing

**M**ichael Ali says it's going to make "one hell of a movie." Hollywood is already scrambling over the rights. It's the scarring story of how a poor young civil rights marcher from Alabama became America's top middle-income boxing promoter—then lost it all. And how California—

could be Los Angeles radio stations and The New York Times last week, Smith claimed to be the victim of a plot by Wells Fargo executives, state auditors and "the Japanese Mafia." They wanted him dead, he claimed, to cover up a bank sting of their own, involving \$100 million, maybe \$300 million. "I'm coming back to fight," growled Smith down the line. "I'm heading back to L.A. with documents for Ali that'll start a run on Wells Fargo like you've never seen in the history of banking." A low-class gruff Ali, at his crumbe house in Los Angeles' affluent Hancock Park, was still waiting at week's end. So was the film, outside Ali's front door.

Even to close buddies in the boxing world, high-living, hard-gardening, the old Jax was something of a mystery. Back in the 1960s, he had been in clubs with radicals Shelly Carmichael and H. Rap Brown. At 25, he married at Selma with Martin Luther King. When he shipped Ali out of the ring in 1967 for draft resistance, Smith organized the mail-in protest. Fearless in California two years ago, he traded as that friendship Ali was persuaded to sell his name to promote a small Santa



Smith (above), Ali, \$40,000 a throw on his at Hollywood Plaza and \$1,000 this

Wells Fargo Bank dropped \$1.3 million along the way. That, changed the bank's directors last week, is the same Ali's old pal Harold James Smith, 37, lifted them of over two years.

As scripted by the missing promoter himself—a bumpy, bearded, cross-batted six-footer—the plot develops dramatically. It is a series of telephone



Mania died where Smith planned to train young black athletes. The champ's only link with the "Makemadad All Professional Sports Club" (MAPS) was his name—and a reported \$10,000 per year fee.

Out of that man, within the year, Harold J. created an empire. Fighters were hired for lavish mid-flight entertainment with purses of fear to the Texas rival office. Smith moved into a \$1-million home near the Ronald Reagan. He owed two Godfathers, a Mercedes, an \$85,000 Porsche, a Lear jet and a nickname named after son John Lee. A On his private jet, and girls—the "girls" who hold up numbered cards between rounds—frisked. A light bag was stuffed, he bragged, with three-quarters of a million in goldbacks. He bet \$40,000 a throw on the horse at Hollywood Park, handed out \$1,000 tips at Christmas, raffish \$500,000 in notes, he offered heavyweight champion Larry Holmes \$1.5 million for a fight that rivals said would turn a profit at \$700,000. (Holmes's manager refused, saying Smith was trying to take over his life.)

Smith was, in fact, trying to take over the sport. Yet, as time passed, it became clear that Harold J. was continually losing money—over \$10 million in six months, say boxing insiders. Where was the bottomless pit of gold? Smith talked vaguely of millionaire backers, his wife's wealthy parents. But Ali and partner Gene Simms, the added Smith, and last year, Ben Lanth (who had a second job as operations officer at Wells Fargo Bank), to turn the books over to auditors. On Jan. 28, Smith and Lanth dropped from sight. Harold J., with wife and son, were spotted at a plush Puerto Rican resort hotel days later. Then another sighting, last week's suspended "no-framed" odds.

Smith said his family was safe in a foreign country. He had returned to the U.S. "to fight." "Preposterous," scoffed Wells Fargo Chairman to Richard Conley. Of \$1.5 million at risk, \$1 million was covered by insurance and the bank was in no danger. The alleged fraud was achieved through "internal manipulation" by computer of 13 MAPS accounts at Wells Fargo branches.

In New York, Marx' new big \$5-million light extravaganzas, scheduled for Feb. 25 at Madison Square Garden, was cancelled. Top heavyweight contenders Ken Norton and Gerry Cooney would be lost to both elsewhere for \$500,000-plus purses. And the black kids who once fought with Smith have left the U.S. to train at his old club to meet Ali. For the first time at his home over chocolate ice cream, Harold J. wasn't paying the rent anymore. They had no place to go but home.

—WILLIAM SCORSE

## WORLD

# A nuclear cover-up: the fallout spreads

Flushed-up details of a French nuclear mishap emerge



Cap de la Hague nuclear reprocessing plant: a vast radioactive cloud

The nuclear power controversy was back on the headlines last week as 25,000 demonstrators went on the rampage in Hamburg. West Germany's second-largest city, injuring 30 policemen. They won only a limited victory. While the protest prevented the city's governing Social Democrats to opt out of their part in its building, work on a 1,200-megawatt nuclear plant at Brokdorf, if it goes, resumed Friday after a four-year moratorium—on the federal government's orders. West Germany, however, is not the only European country where anti-nuclear feeling is running high. Across the border in France, which has the West's highest nuclear power program, several recent accidents have convinced it to increase security. Marc McDonald reports.

Aside from having been arrested by a little bit of nuclear-powered puffery called *The Disobedience of Chelmsford*, in which Catherine Denmore was seen as the world's most elegantly dressed gas station attendant, the inhabitants of Northern's stark Celtic Britain must have little to be thankful for. Unless someone makes the austere landscape jutting out into the English Channel a sailor's nightmare. Even the normally indulgent *Melrose Place* would have hapless motorists away from its bleak coasts. For the

past month, however, the local population has been agitating over whether the government should have issued a warning of nuclear war.

At the heart of the bitter debate is a vast radioactive cloud that may have dumped lethal pollution over the landscape after a fire in the storage silos of the world's only commercial nuclear reprocessing plant at nearby Cap de la Hague early in January. An evidence museum of the magnitude and secrecy by which France's nuclear energy authorities have tried to brush up the silt, the original residents of Cotentin villages and Chelmsford on Feb. 1, wound up a tumultuous weekend forum on whether or not they had been contaminated.

Despite the calming assurances of nuclear safety officials, the debate—aroused by the plant's owners—could hardly be expected to allay their fears. France's nuclear program has also been characterized by high-minded silence and what at times has appeared a cavalier regard for safety. Certainly, as the facts gradually filtered to light, an increasing number of Cotentin's natives wondered aloud whether the 1,600 jobs provided at La Hague were worth the price of living alongside what one biologist, Didier Anger, referred to as "the biggest atomic garbage dump in the world."

The entrepreneur of France's ambi-



Source: Reuters

tion 400-million-a-year from hegemony in the electric power industry by 1985, the La Hague plant is the only facility in the world now recycling spent nuclear fuel rods to extract plutonium. Other nations have attempted reprocessing, notably the United States and West Germany, but in both cases the technology proved so tricky and accident-prone that France is now alone in turning a profit by transforming the used uranium slugs into Cap de la Hague from countries as far afield as Sweden and Japan.

Not that La Hague hasn't had its own woes. Dubbed by the weekly *Le Monde* *Observatoire* the "Athens hell" of the projected French nuclear program, it has never functioned at more than 25-percent capacity. In the past year alone, there have been seven "incidents" as the one unloading leaks from pipes carrying waste water into the sea that caused a disquieting jump in the level of radioactivity in the adjacent Bay of Montserrat.

Last month's fire was the most serious, however, and, thanks to hurried cleanup, the moon glimmering on the water to date. The cause of the combustion wasn't located until nearly six hours after plant controls first showed an abnormal rise in radioactivity during the night shift. Next morning, when alarms went off, the



Personnel in anti-contamination gear (above) safety checks inside plant. Athletes' hell

staff was ordered to put on masks and evacuate the site. That order was then countermanded because the contamination was judged worse outside. When the fire was finally tamed, firemen hosed it down with water, instead of liquid nitrogen, creating a huge radioactive cloud over the area.

By mid-February, when the consulting safety engineers and management were touring Paris for instructions, most employees remained blissfully unaware of the mishap. When they punched off their shift at 4:30 p.m., they entered into a weekend dream world, as one critic charged, but without the deadly particles under their ears and, thanks to an unusual northeast wind, blown the windward shore the placed pastoral landscape. But what angered the alarm went was that workers weren't informed of the risk of contamination until next day, and management at first ignored demands for medical tests.

Director Maurice Delorge issued a questionnaire saying that the problem was "complexity in hand" and no contamination around the reactor's perimeter force." But his words seemed lost weight when security teams started weighing down cars that had been driven into town the night before, confiscating clothes and, in some cases, sending workers home to fetch their previous

day's attire and bed sheets. Decontamination teams visited the homes of at least 18 employees, even happening upon a radioactive pet rabbit.

As staff fury built into a 1,000-man demonstration outside administration offices, security spread along the coast. When the week, 3,000 citizens showed through the streets of Cherbourg in protest. The Council for Information on Nuclear Energy, headed by former health minister Renee Veil, opined at month's end that the public had a right to read and complete information on all nuclear accidents. But that ruling was hardly a consolation to Cherbourg.

Coming as it did shortly after news that the director of security for all French nuclear installations, Jean Serres, had resigned over lack of cooperation and the downright antagonism of other government ministries in charge of the atomic program, the fire raised an ominous cloud of anxiety over the sea inside of Cotentin. The ambience at Cherbourg was being raised these days not in song about the weather, but in very real fear of what the enigmatic result over head might be raining down.

## Thailand

# An opposition still divided

On initial impression, Bangkok seemed an unlikely setting for the first foreign press conference ever given by Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang. But the brief confrontation between over Cambodia—Thailand's neighbor, made the gathering of foreign and Thai newsmen the perfect forum for Zhao's message. China, the hapless premier said, would continue to back the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN). Thailand's Vietnam's occupation of Cambodia and its refusal to force a united front of rebels to confront the Vietnamese, on the battlefield and at conference tables.

However, as Zhao, though in hand, headed a return flight to Beijing last week, most observers thought the task of fusing the various factions based along the Thai-Cambodian border into a unified opposition to the Heng Samrin government in Phnom Penh would be tougher than Zhao and his hosts had believed.

The forces of the strongest of these factions—Pal Per's Khmer Rouge—presented the most formidable obstacle to that scenario. Despite its 30 years of murderous rule in Cambodia—a rule that ended when a Vietnamese invasion



installed Heng Samrin in 1979. Pol Pot's government is still recognized by much of the world and its 35,000 guerrillas represent the only disciplined fighting force facing Vietnam's 260,000 Cambodian-based troops. High on the agenda in the talks between Zhou and Thai Premier Thaninchaiwong, nevertheless, was the possibility of forcing Pol Pot and his fellow Khmer Rouge leaders, Khieu Samphan and Ieng Sary, who are in China and carrying the opposition leadership over to a more acceptable figure. The current favorite, 39-year-old Son Sann, premier under Prince Norodom Sihanouk in the 1960s and currently head of another resistance faction—the Khmer People's National Liberation Front (KPNLF). A relatively small group, the KPNLF has been adept at public relations, but has few battle successes and only a few remote "liberated zones" near Thailand. Its strength lies in the respectability of Son Sann himself, who last month told newsmen that he would form a provisional government by year's end.

But even if it could get the Cambodians to settle, ASEAN still had to persuade the Vietnamese—either by military or diplomatic means—that its solution was desirable. And at week's end, there was no sign of success on that front. Having denounced Son Sann, placing him in the same category as the Khmer Rouge, Vietnam last month proposed its own version for a settlement in Cambodia, calling on the five ASEAN countries (Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and the Philippines) to hold talks on the region's security problems. Predictably, the idea was rejected—and so was ASEAN's counterproposal for a widely held United Nations conference.

Last week, Vietnam stepped up its international lobbying, sending its senior Cambodian expert, the urban deputy foreign minister, Vo Dang Giang, to argue its case in New Delhi, where foreign ministers of the so-called nations were preparing for this week's meeting. Flanking a watch given him 20 years ago by Cuban President Fidel Castro, current chairman of the meeting, Giang pressed for recognition of

Pol Pot (left) and Zhou pushing for a united front of Cambodian rebel forces

the Phnom Penh regime and made it clear he would accept no compromise. Despite Vietnam's friends in New Delhi and elsewhere, China, Thailand and Western nations, including Canada, remained hopeful that Hanoi would head its "irrevocable" policy. But observers in Bangkok, assessing Zhou's three-day sojourn, viewed that as a remote possibility. The visit, they agreed, only served to polarize the opposing points of view still further.

—DAVID ALLEN

## Poland

### New perils on a dangerous ride

"I makes you wonder how fast you can go on a roller coaster without flying off the tracks," said Polish Communist committee member Mirosław Rakowski last week. "But the machine isn't about to derail." Rakowski was being questioned by Western business leaders in Switzerland as Poland's latest climb to the heights of tension in the protracted wrangle between its Communist leaders and the Solidarity trade union. But few who caught his remarks at a Davos

Polen is a route to a new Solidarity rally. "Time has all but run out"



symposium shared his confidence.

Even so he spoke, Warsaw authorities, citing "growing anarchy and political opposition," threatened to take "necessary steps" to halt labor turmoil that periodically delights new agreements in a number of worker demands, including Saturdays off. Later, so union leader Lech Walesa urged his 10-million followers to hold nationwide strikes if the government and muscle to break wildcats, a fresh strike call in the northern port town of Gdansk. Overlaid with uncertainty over attempts by farmers to feed a rural Solidarity movement, set the scene for a major showdown this week.

The Polish Supreme Court was to rule Tuesday whether private farmers—80 per cent of all agricultural workers—are entitled to their own union. Walesa has threatened strike action if the decision goes against them, as it seems likely to do. But a new emergency could blow up the day before when the party's Central Committee, which is dominated by hard-liners, gathers in Warsaw. Observers expected it to push party leader Stanislaw Kania strongly in the direction of placating the country's Communist neighbors by forcing Solidarity back to work.

There was, moreover, an economic as well as a political case for such action. Rakowski, who edits the liberal weekly *Polityka*, said in Davos that industrial output last month was down 40 per cent on January, 1980, as a result of labor troubles. Elsewhere, experts released that a 10-day strike in the southern province of Bialka-Biala, which ended on Friday when the government caved in to demands for the dismissal of party officials for corruption, had cost more than \$14 million in lost production.

The question was how strong a line to take? But it was easier to ask than answer. Prodding two hard-lined veteran union leaders and possible Soviet intervention. Leaving it to Walesa would ignore a recent slippage in his power to manipulate his millions. As a senior official in Warsaw commented: "Our dilemma is that any reasonable solution is going to take time. And time has all but run out for us."

—PETER LEWIS



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## Life in the fast track

Canada's Steve Podborski is on top of the ski world and taking it in stride

By Matthew Fisher

Steve Podborski, the best downhill racer in the world, looked out at the downhill course at Schladming, Austria, Saturday. The 29-year-old Torontonian had won the race there last year and was favored to win again, a victory that would make him the first non-European to ever capture the World Cup men's downhill crown. But what Podborski saw was rain.

After two days of heavy snowfall had softened the icy course, the race was in jeopardy. Saturday morning found about 40,000 Austrians and tourists huddled in the downpour as organizers of the second last World Cup downhill race of the season debated postponement. Finally the jury decided to hold off until Sunday. "We'll just have to go back to the hotel and regroup," said John Ritchie, the Canadian team coach. Though Sunday dawned bright and the women were able to race as the course at nearby Haas, (see box, page 36) the rain had made the men's course



Podborski taking a break: "I'd did what everyone would try to do, I'd never fail."

course. "It's too bad," said Austrian television commentator Helm Proellner. "Podborski would have been far sure." The Canadian left Podborski tied for fourth with Austria's Hansi Wehrathner, but technically ahead because of his three victories to Wehrathner's two. At

the World Cup race committee debated whether to resage the race in conjunction with the downhill finale in early March in Aspen, Colo.; move it to Lake Louise, Alta.; Leas, Switzerland; or Anchorage, Alaska. Podborski and the national team flew home to wait.

"This week has probably been the most tension-filled of Steve's life, but he doesn't show it," says team manager and coach Terry Spence, who also acts as a coach at each race start, passing on last-second tidbits received by walk-talkie from coaches on the course. "Steve just listens to the coaches until he is ready to go," Spence says, "and then, when you just know he's going to step on the lead pedal."

At first sight it looks a little ridiculous—a grown man wearing skintight yellow pyjamas, standing at the top of a littered cold mountain on two 253-cm-long pieces of plastic. But Podborski explodes into action, he suddenly becomes much more, hurtling down steep pitches—ones that even the best pleasure skiers only dare skidily—at speeds of up to 140 km per hour. Steve

ing around sharp turns onto fall-away alpine descender, Podborski sometimes has to lean in at a 45° angle to maintain his balance. If he crashes, only one-sixteenth of an inch of woven plastic is between him and the ice, a tree or a rock. The only part of the body that is protected in his head, encased in a hard black plastic shell, with little more than rubber inside than you would find in a hockey player's helmet.

Podborski is one of the glacially good alpine skiers, one of the fearless breed apart, the downhill racers. To speak with them can be a chilling experience. "The only thing I want to do when I'm going fast is go faster," says Podborski.

"You don't think, there is no thought process involved in this sport. It is more like an animal. At the finish you can

At St. Anton, missing the rocks by a hair



turn at to the real world again, and start talking again. During a race you see only the things that are the absolute necessities to maintain life. You only see what you're doing as you move, just like in a car. It's like being totally silly except that it's a controlled thing. After having had a few big episodes, I think I can handle any pain that comes along, so there is not much to fear."

Ken Read, who was in the hunt for the World Cup title right up to the final race last season, remarked two years ago that Podborski might one day be the best of the Canadians. While his team-mates seemed to have reached a plateau in the late 1970s (see box), Podborski continued to improve by handcrafting a second every season. His career began at the age of 21 when his mother took him to a non-definitive golf course in the Toronto suburb of Don Mills. Steve skied down what little hill there was, crashed between his mother's legs.

In 1974, after success in club and divisional races in Canada, the national team invited Podborski to ski camp in

## After Christmas it was all downhill

Canada's downhill team scored its greatest result ever at Val d'Isère, Dec. 7. Five Canadians placed in the first seven, including newcomer Chris Kent, 18, of Calgary, who was fourth, and veterans Dave Irwin of Vernon, B.C. 31th, and Dave Murray, 31, of Whistler, B.C., who was seventh. But somewhere between Val d'Isère and the next stop, Val Gardena, Italy, things began to come apart. Only Murray stayed close to the best in January, and even his results started to slip.

"Before Christmas we were hot," says Irwin. "But since then, I don't think we've been doing very well. Our technical skills are as sharp as ever. The problem started at about the time Ken Read injured his knee, forcing him to return to Canada for surgery. Only Steve, Podborski continued to ski well."

"Steve and Ken are self-motivated, talented guys," says Irwin, who admits that he and Read have often disagreed over the years. "They've really got their act together, and they always know what to do."

The lack of results from some team members means there have been signals that they will be pushed next year by a new wave of hungry young racers. Possibly the best of the newcomers is Kent, who best Read in New Zealand last summer. A week after Val d'Isère his season ended where his knee "popped," but he will return next season as an A team racer.

The B team, coached by Joey Lavigne of Ottawa, spent most of the year on the lesser circuit but joined the A team in St. Anton and Schladming, where they occasionally pushed the veterans. The most successful skiers in the B team, 20, of Paris, Ont., who has finally shaken several seasons of leg injuries to take a World Cup 22nd and several good Europa Cup results.

Michael Granitzer (far left), Gary Athias, Rob Sten and Podborski face 15th hole



South America, where, as he puts it, "Others decided that I should be a downhill racer."

In 1979 at Meridien, France, Podborski came second but won his first race when Read was disqualified for wearing an illegal suit. Last winter Podborski won at Schladming, only to have the result annulled because fog and rain, similar to last weekend's, made it impossible for later racers (with no chance to win) to navigate the course. Podborski also recorded the best first intermediate finish at Val d'Isère, Par Leuz and Kitzbühel before crashing. The Austrian journalists took to calling him *Der Pochner der Kesseler* (the incredible but lack of the Canadian). But he finished the year with promise, a bronze medal at the Olympics and a fourth at a World

Cup race in Lake Louise, Alta. This winter he is the only racer to have finished in the top 15 in all of the eight downhill of the 10 that make up the World Cup. In fact, he's only been worse than third. "The difference between now and seven or eight years ago is incredible," says the Canadian team's greybeard, 25-year-old Dave Murray. "I always thought Steve had the best natural ability of any racer on the World Cup."

Ellen Tobler, a journalist for the *Vancouver Daily Free Press*, does not feel the oft-used nickname "Crazy Canuck" describes Podborski's racing style. "This term was often used at the beginning of the Canadian era in downhill racing," Tobler says. "He's a free skier, who skis his own line, but he's not

take high risks. He's got a very smooth style."

This season's successes have surprised even Podhorski, who had been planning to use the year to build up in the world championships in 1992. Last May, while free skiing at Hinterst. Austria, Podhorski tore an anterior cruciate ligament in his right knee, the same knee that had been ripped apart in a crash at Kitzbühel in 1986. After the last accident Podhorski was operated on in Toronto by Dr. Jaba Komárek. "This was a serious operation," says Dr. Bernad Lalonde of Ottawa, who oversees the team's medical program. "It was required and reconstructed using a band of tissue from the outside of the knee. Many people don't recover to a sufficient level to compete. Steve is the exception and he's very fortunate. He doesn't have a normal knee by your standards or mine, but it is probably as

recovered as it will ever be." As another Ottawa doctor, Andy Pipe, who was with the team in December, says, "His competing spurs some of his mood that it does of his knee."

On hard snow, or on days when he pushes himself in training, Podhorski's knee swells up. After last month's victory on the rough Hahnenkamm itself at Kitzbühel, the problem was particularly noticeable. The swelling stops him from doing any training in his dry-land program or joining any of the spontaneous snow machines that the Europeans are forever organizing.

After reintroducing his knee to World Cup competition with two thirds and a 10th, Podhorski won at St. Moritz just before Christmas, was again at Garmisch and then was ski racing's Super Bowl, Kitzbühel.

When the defending downhill champion, Peter Mueller of Switzerland, fell at Wengen a week later, only three men continued to impress the English-speaking world in this downhill champion. Long shots Tommy Riegler (who won at Wengen) and Austria's Peter Wenzelberger, and the more consistent Habi Wehrsther. To win the title, all Podhorski had to do was win one of the last three downhill. Wehrsther kept his chances alive by winning at St. Anton, Austria.

Podhorski's successes have thrust him into an international spotlight. With each victory came new requests for interviews with the sky, smiling Canadian. "If I did what everyone wants me to do I would never win," he confessed in Wengen as he rushed down entertaining a troupe of Swiss schoolgirls who had waited patiently for him to be born in the 1950s. Montpelier lady, to a video room for a 10th interview. But perhaps his most ardent patrons are a pair of schoolgirls Tina, from Austria, writes to him everywhere and tele-

Podhorski waving the flag (above) and in flight, landing on the "Yod'piste"



Height: the next "Nancy Greene" arrives

## In the shadows but not for long

Lost in the swirl of coverage of the men's downhill team, the Canadian women have had a season of disappointment and suddenly last weekend, some encouragement. The team's bubbly new star, Laurie Graham, won in a few days before Christmas and has not raised state. "Laurie had quickly become the team leader," says team coach, Carole Chapman. "And the other girls really missed her."

But on Sunday, 32-year-old Gerry Seemann gave Canada its first women's downhill victory in 13 years. The Kitzbühel, B.C. skier, who started 20th, made her way down a rain-soaked and course eight one hundredth of a second faster than second-place Irene Epple of West Germany. Seemann already had a fifth place finish this year, and now appears certain to start in the coveted first seed next season. As well as Seemann, the European press has taken to writing about Canada's new Nancy Greene. Europe Cup leader Diana (Dew) Haight, 16, of Parkville, Mo. She has scored medal-winning results in all three disciplines on the junior circuit.

Kathy Krutner, 28, of Timmins, struck out as her own this season after a disagreement with the Canadian Ski Association over training facilities. Her two first seed results, a second and a seventh, have both come in the downhill. She probably needs a few more good results or she will not attract enough money to continue her experiment as an independent race woman. With the men's team getting on in years, it could very well be the women who capture the headlines at the 1994 Olympics at Sarajevo, Yugoslavia.

phones almost as frequently. Before he crashed at Garmisch, she had bawled Road. Neither racer has ever met her. Then there's an enigmatic Swiss Nordic who follows Podhorski from race to race, camping out for hours in hotel lobbies to witness a glimpse of her hero.

At outdoor checkpoints, the guards often report one of Podhorski's postcards—signed by his ski manufacturers—before waving him through. At ski resorts, his progress to the front of the lift is cause for comment in any number of languages. "There he is. That's him. Steve! Steve!" Podhorski and, before him, Reed, much Swedish skis champion Ingemar Stenmark for approval with the skiing public. Jostedal's Huber explains, "It's because he is such a sympathetic guy. He's always signing autographs. Mueller might be the most popular in Switzerland, Stenmark in Sweden, and Wehrsther in Austria, but for all the European countries it might well be Podhorski. He is as big as Franz Klammer."

With his famous grin, almost oriental eyes and his dapper riding in leathers from a Toronto resource last year, Podhorski appears like a well-wetted geyser in the media court in the ski area. While coach John Ritchie of Grand Forks, B.C., wears telephone calls and keeps the more persistent fans away from his star, Podhorski tries to rest and feed between races. A speed master with a passion for science fiction, Podhorski admits, his reading time has been drastically reduced in the past few weeks. "Some people have been quite obsessive about getting to talk with me. I have to try to keep everything in perspective. I'm a ski racer and we have a short season, so from preparing for my job, but there is no doubt I am in an unusual situation. I don't expect a hockey player is played by a Canadian reporter he doesn't know. Conducting an interview at 16 at night, before a big game." Watching the parade of journalists and fans with detached amusement, team coach Murray says, "I'm sure Steve realizes he has gone

beyond skiing for the pure joy of it. He has certain obligations now. I don't think it is affecting him adversely."

Sweden's Stenmark continues to win almost all the slalom and giant slalom races and everyone admires his superb technique, but only a handful of people, many of them Scandinavian tourists holidaying in the Alps, come to watch him race. However, when a downhill race is scheduled, Alpine Europe comes to a halt, to watch the guy Canada loves for a hockey match with the Soviet Union. And nowhere is downhill racing bigger than in Austria, the country that has dominated the sport for years. Heads roll at the various ski companies and on the national team when good results aren't produced. It is surprising that Podhorski, and before him, Reed, Dave Irwin and Dave Murray, can challenge Austria and other European nations when all the sport's races, mon-

The manufacturers' return on their investment is evident every time Podhorski wins a race. Within seconds of crossing the finish line his skin is off, towed heroically, and placed across the front of his body so the television cameras can't ruin the trade mark. Later Podhorski does a round of television interviews as his official team parks and official team cars. The goggles, headgear, poles and gloves—and their obvious brands—may also find their way into a camera shot. For his efforts on the hill and in the field area, Podhorski receives considerable financial rewards. While estimates of Stenmark's yearly income are so high as \$1 million, Podhorski and Reed now earn less. But they are still among the sport's top earners. If Podhorski wins the downhill crown this season, he will probably become the highest paid Canadian athlete in history, earning over



Spilling autographs for fans in Austria: a transnational ski favorite

more than Marcel Dinneen's \$600,000 a year. Podhorski has his eye on the world championships in Schladming in 1992 and has committed himself and his trainer right now to at least one more season of World Cup racing. For now, the pressure of winning, and pleasing the public and journalists in a sport where victory is almost always measured in hundredths of seconds, and where the difference between handling a difficult turn perfectly and toppling into a fence is measured in centimetres, seems to have no effect on Podhorski's personality. Coach Ritchie calls it accepting victory and superstardom. "In the Canadian tradition."

A little more than half of the Canadian team's money is provided by the federal government through Sport Canada. Of the rest, about half comes from donations from Canadian companies. Molson's Brewery supports some training camps and World Cup races, whenever Canada is lucky enough to host one. Shell Canada sponsors the Canadian championships and General Motors sponsors the important Pacific Cup races, where racers are first blooded. European ski manufacturers contribute several hundred thousand dollars through the national association's ski pact. As well as supplying money, they also provide the equipment

The European ski press: "Steve! Steve!"



# Selling patriotism at the gas pumps

*Petrofina becomes Canadian in a Petrocan splurge*

By Ian Anderson

Far from the chest-thumping of Parliament Hill and the broadcasting of the flag, a gas station operator in tiny Blackfalds, Alta., may have made the best economic assessment of Petro-Canada's take-over last week of Petrofin. Mike Blackmore, who leases his business from Petrofin, remarked how his sales jumped 35 per cent after he changed his sign from "Puffin 60" last fall. "There are people who complain [about Ottawa], and complain bitterly," observed Blackmore. "But overall this has been a real good deal for me. Basically, it's patriotism. People are saying we finally have something and we should jump at it."

Wilbert Hopper, Petro-Canada's chairman, counts on patriotism continuing to sell well. Petrofin is not a large petroleum producer. It is a major marketer with about 1,100 gas stations east of Manitoba. Blackmore's success was typical of what occurred at the 368 Pacific Petroleum stations in Western Canada after Petrofin took over in 1979. With the Petrofin deal the Crows Corporation has doubled its revenue and jumped to fifth from seventh place among oil companies in Canada.

Hopper's take-over went through like a freight train. There had been some work of a deal in December but that cooled until late January when the Bel-

gian owners had an apparent change of heart. After a week-long delay to sort out Belgian tax problems, the deal was announced Feb. 5, amid the parliamentary squabble from Canadian financial circles that Hopper had paid for the deal. \$120 a share for a company that traded at half that amount just five months ago. (The total cost was \$1.6 billion.) To this patriotic cheer, the Petrofin trade front—Hopper and his financial vice-president, Joel Bell—needed only to point to their two preceding take-overs. The Pacific Petroleum assets (purchased for \$1.5 billion) have more than doubled in value in two years, while the \$200 million spent on Atlantic Richfield Canada has nearly quadrupled in value. Richard Halliday, at First Maritimes Securities in Toronto, is one of a long line of oil analysts nodding approval for the price, if not the idiosyncrasy, of the take-over. "This will look like good in three years, I can assure you," Halliday believes. "As long as the Arabs keep raising prices, all this hype will come around."

For Marc Lalonde, his grin emboldened January has brightened into a busy February. The energy minister had expected to wait until summer for a major take-over. To soothe his impatience, aides even discussed expatriation. At least two private take-overs of U.S. oil companies went unexpectedly killed by New York boards of directors, and word was reaching Lalonde that the nationalists planned to hang tough

behind the skirts of the Reagan administration and await a more benign regime in Canada.

The mood has changed dramatically. The government now sees Petrofin as just the start. Two and maybe three more major take-overs are expected to be announced before February is out. Lalonde is actively courting Beagran, the giant Montreal distiller, to invest the \$5-billion proceeds from the sale of its U.S. oil subsidiary last spring. More promising, though, is action from Nova Corporation's aggressive president, Bob Blair, possibly in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Robert Beaudin, president of Canadian National. Last fall, CN quietly proposed to Ottawa that it combine with Gulf Canada to explore some of the promising western property. The word came back: "Think bigger." Also talked about is a major investor in CN's \$2-billion employee pension fund, already settled in U.S. franc's take-



Lalonde (left), Petrofin's Petrofin and refinery mood has changed drastically.



over with Dome Petroleum of Alberta. Oil and Gas has reaped a 100-per-cent return in two years. Of the record targets, Gulf Canada would seem too big a bite for anyone—\$5 billion or so. But analysts suggest something like a Petro-Canada would "fit" nicely into Nova's structure. Its eastern gas stations would complement Nova's "Heavy" outlets in the West.

Lalonde must keep in mind that while Canadians favor economic nationalism by a wide margin, they don't want to sacrifice for it. An unrelenting public opinion poll done by DeLima Research and Public Affairs International indi-

cates support for Lalonde's nationalization program by a 3 to 1 majority, while two out of three Canadians support his initiative in purchasing at least one multinational oil company. But Canadians balk at paying for a take-over via a gasoline tax, the poll suggests. The Petrofin deal will be in part financed through a gas surcharge of about one cent a litre, paid by drivers.

By bit, even the industry appears to be heading to Lalonde's will. Last week's announcement by Shell Canada that it would expand its exploration spending off the East Coast despite a cut in incentives was "a very big boost," a Lalonde adviser says. To compensate, Shell will cut back its exploration spending in Alberta. The week before, Esso Petroleum's Jack Gallagher noted qualified approval of Lalonde's energy program and got the federal government for his plan to make the exploration arm of his company at least 75-per-cent Canadian.

Obviously, there has been no thaw in the icy relations between Edmonton and Ottawa. No real push is expected until Premier Lougheed makes the first of his oil production cuts on March 1, in



retaliation for the tax Lalonde imposed on natural gas revenues. There will also wait for the federal provinces, Ontario, to elect a premier on March 3. For Ottawa, the impetus to settle the matter may have been strengthened during the Esso record deal done in December and January. Despite seething public fears from Lalonde's Canadian oil stocks fell alarmingly and the energy department was ordered to plan emergency supply allocations for the country. With the warming trend in late January, the impending crisis was relaxed. Lalonde breathed easier and the nation slept on, blissfully unaware.

## The elk without, the bull within

I looked like a characteristically heavy deal for Richard Chater. Last September, Grafcon Group Ltd., the Toronto-based holding company controlled by the brilliant financier and merchandiser, bought control of all of Elk Stores Limited for \$11 million. Elk, a 35-store men's clothing chain, was weak financially, but its superb and hard-to-get retail locations, with bargain-priced jeans, made it irrefutable. When Grafcon acquired 60 per cent of Elk from the Elks family at \$20 a share—half the price the stock was trading at on the Toronto Stock Exchange—half Street applauded and called it a steal.

It was not long, however, before questions were raised about who did what to

times of "significant overpricing" in the accounting of prior years' inventories have been made by sources that "must be ignored." Peter Marwick, however, is probing no further. The Ontario Securities Commission and the Grand Council of the Métropolitain Toronto Police are continuing the investigation of Elk.

While the authorities try to fix the blame for the mess, Grafcon must decide how best to get out of it. If Grafcon has no money in Elk beyond the purchase price, it would allow it to go bankrupt rather than pour in the capital that will be needed to keep it afloat. There is little doubt that the well-managed Grafcon Group, whose store chains include Jack Fraser men's wear, Makin Shoes and Roberts, along with Bel-Sert's in the United States, could return Elk to profitability, if the returns justified the cost. Grafcon is searching for new ventures to replace its highly prof-



Elk's store, Manuel Elkhed (below right) who did what to whom, works in the apple

whom. In early December, Chater announced that Grafcon Group was a "victim" of management takeover which had caused Elk's losses in 1979 to be understated by \$302,000. Peter Marwick Mitchell, a major accounting firm that was auditing Elk's at Grafcon's request, restated the loss in December at \$1.6 million. Last week, a detailed report by Peter Marwick showed that a secret agreement with an insured supplier had enabled Elk's to record merchandise at less than its true cost, thus causing both losses and liabilities to be understated in the all-important year-end financial statement. In addition, Elk's was in far worse shape than the earlier statements had suggested. Elk's, the auditors, lost a hefty \$4.3 million on sales of \$17.3 million in the first half of 1980. Losses exceeded assets by \$3.2 million, making the company technically bankrupt at the time of the purchase.

The retail value of Elk's merchandise purchased by Grafcon turned out to be worth \$4.4 million less than stated in the Elk's books. Furthermore, alleg-



able licensing arrangements with Woolco stores, where it operates the men's and boy's wear departments, now that Woolco has announced that it will take over the departments as an unaffiliated unit, Elk's, which owns Elk's, Dupper Elk's and Joe Feller stores in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes, is a good replacement. Although there have been more worries in the Elk's apple than Grafcon anticipated, it may not be all bad in the end.

—GILLIAN MACKEY

Petro-Canada station, petroleum sale



## The delicate imbalance

The good news is that Canada's trade performance in 1980, compared to the rest of the world, wasn't as bad as the experts had been expecting. The bad news is that those roads to recovery aren't in spite of, but because of, Canada's current economic slump and that, as the country begins to pull out of the recession later this year, things will likely get worse again.

This somewhat confusing, and apparently contradictory, economic analysis stems from the release last week by Statistics Canada of the nation's official 1980 merchandise trade figures, showing that 1980 was a record year for Canadian trade. The Canadian economy over-all was bogged down in a recession throughout the year, but the balance sheet regarding the import and export of raw materials and finished goods in 1980 posted a record surplus of \$7.9 billion, nearly double the previous record of \$3.9 billion the year before.

What is deceptive—and disappointing—about this impressive trade performance is that it was caused as much by negative as by positive factors and isn't apt to be repeated. Canada's charges sharply higher prices for several key exports in 1980—chiefly wheat, metals, pulp and paper and natural gas—prices which are not likely to be discounted. Indeed, 1980 may have been Canada's last great chance to achieve significant merchandise trade surplus, particularly as it was believed to be the last year in which Canada was in the enviable position of being a net exporter of energy, says Toronto Dominion Bank economist and Maclean's Panel of Economists member

Douglas Peters. The other key explanation for Canada's merchandise trade total in 1980 is not that Canada exported more, or more valuable, goods—but merely imported less. (In fact, the volume of exports in the first 11 months fell 1.6 per cent.) The recession, with its high interest rates and devalued Canadian dollar, slowed the normal rate of imported manufactured goods—in effect reducing Canada's deficit rather than adding to its surplus. When the recession ends and normal demand is restored later this year, Canada's traditional deficit on imported finished goods will climb again.

The picture gets gloomier still. The merchandise figures, shaky as they are, represent only half the equation in Canada's total balance of payments tally. The other component, known as "services"—consisting mostly of interest

payments on foreign debt, dividend payments sent out of the country by foreign-owned corporations and money spent by Canadians travelling abroad—constitutes every year to get worse. Though final figures have yet to be released, the services deficit for 1980 is projected to sag to about \$11 billion—about \$1 billion more than in 1979—completely wiping out the merchandise surplus and giving Canada an over-all estimated deficit in its balance of trade of \$1.5 billion in 1980. If so, it will be the best trade balance Canada has shown since 1973. But unless something is done to improve the value of Canada's exports, while reducing the need for imported manufactured goods and slowing the drain in the services account, it could be the last even semi-respectable figure Canada may ever see again.

—ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM



Hobson with GRX Aurora: more than plating on fibre-glass tail line from a rented garage

## Take me for a ride

They don't pretend to have gone as far as John D. DeLoaney. They have no intention of making up for Maclean's Brooklyn. As an automotive manufacturer, however, that doesn't mean they Aurora Cars of Richmond Hill, just north of Toronto, is merely at the stage of giving us fibre-glass tail fins either. In the highly appalled world of custom auto-making, Aurora Cars is attempting to cut a niche for itself as the manufacturer of a "replica" car using new components. The GRX Aurora—is appearance the duplicate of the legendary Shelby Cobra sports car—is currently appearing at Toronto's Auto Show, sporting its

equally impressive price tag of \$33,000. It was, to be precise, the 30th Aurora to roll off the company's assembly line since manufacturing began last spring, says Aurora General Manager Blake Hobson—all snapped up by private buyers.

The Aurora company was started in 1975 with the investment of about \$2 million by a small group of investors—more than half of that money going into designing the modifications necessary to produce a "new" Cobra. Aurora buys most of its parts from Ford—original maker of the Shelby until the car was discontinued in the late 1960s—but, with its 30 employees, assembles the car itself. "We're among," says Hobson modestly, "to offer something a bit more than the standard North American 'corco-box.' For \$55,900, it should come gift-wrapped.

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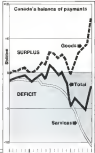
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# PEOPLE

**P**ierre Trudeau and his federal Liberals can stop mulling over a fragmented Canada as far as BC's *Two Men* is concerned. May has come up with what may be the patriotic equivalent of the *First Rock*—Canadian Unity Story at \$2.90 a crack. Each non-sensory mix with a waddy sweet reinforcement of maple leaves. Some its introduction last month he has sold 13,000 cars bearing the label **PEOPLE WHO STAY TOGETHER STAY TOGETHER**. The tape is also adored to spay liberty in the West and conservatism in the East. A double dose in spread for separatists, both the Quebec and western varieties.

**W**hen Hungary's world-champion skiers, **Christine Neubauer**, 35, and **Andras Tófalvi**, 27, met at an outdoor rink in their native Budapest 15 years ago they melted the ice by casting prepubescent cow eyes at one another. "I



Top skisler **Neubauer** and **Andras Tófalvi** (left), director **Cronenberg** (left) and **Welch** (above) dressed from "Cannery Row"

staid my crush if I don't get that girl, I'll quit skating," recalls Tófalvi. The happy love after partnership peaked last year when the pair won the world-championship ice dancing title in Dortmund, West Germany, picking up a silver medal at the Lake Placid Winter Olympics and signed a top-billing professional contract with the upscale U.S. Ice Palace. Though they taped a *Shore on Ice* segment for TV and are dreaming of doing their own special together, the team arrangement is not permanent. "We love each other a lot," says Neubauer, but the plan at some point to pursue a solo dental career in Hungary.

**N**ovelist **John Steinbeck** would be amazed at the damage on *Cannery Row* these days. His 1945 book is being made into a film by MGM and was to have starred, among others, 40-year-old **Russell Wilson** as **Skay DeSoto**, a drift-

er who falls into the tender embraces of mother **Neubauer**. But then, just before last Christmas, snow suddenly ceased. Welch and replaced her with **Debra Wagner** of *Orson Welles* fame. Welch, yet amazed at being fired, brought a \$24,775.50 suit against the studio last week for slander, loss of earnings, various punitive damages and "emotional distress." But life continues apace on *Cannery Row*, though the brochures set the filming back 10 days. In the meantime, the divorced Welch flew to Mexico with new husband **Andra Waisfeld** for a holiday—first class.

**T**he Canadian embassy in Paris is in the final throes of a \$12.5-million renovation that will join the present building to an adjacent one, prompting 90 per cent of all its services a state's throw away from the Champs Elysees in the high-cost district on Av-

enue Montaigne. Across the street is the main of *Christine Dae* and next door is the fashionable workshop of couturier **Nina Ricci**. With about 10 per cent of the official Consulate in Paris already installed, embassy employees are confident that, without opening, the embassy will be possible, perhaps in the security and area, which will be done up as a garden. At present, little is visible behind construction parapets covered with French advertising. And the plaque marking the entrance to the office complex is enough to cause any patriot some embarrassment. Keen on an bronze plaque are the words "Ambassade du Canada" and neatly printed below sits "Canadian Embassy." The offending "A" has been temporarily covered with a hardware store security plastic. "It's 'The French don't know how to spell English very well,' admitted unofficial spokesman and press attaché **Yves Margolin**. "But I lived in British Columbia for a while and you would be surprised how poorly they spell French."

**"P**eople go to horror films to confront their own fears, especially on death," says Canadian ma-

turer scholar **David Cronenberg**, whose movie *Sensory in the morning* is at the box office though it lottened out with the critics. The most-talked-about moment in the film involves the explosion of a head as the result of a thought battle between two telepathic mutants. Cronenberg, who is a master at sweating blood and guts, tried all sorts of exploding head gimmicks before achieving the perfect effect. Using a plastic moulded face, special-effects people simply shot the back of the head off with a shotgun. Says Cronenberg, "Every time I make a horror movie, I'm rehashing my own death."

**"P**eople come up to me all the time and ask me if they work," says **Don Bosham**, 48, who creates architectural signs out of three planes and dimensions. Describing himself as a "20th-century landscape artist," Bosham's sculptures combine the female form with the technology of manned flight, and while a creation such as his *7mm Prop* (1974) looks as though it could glide through the air with the greatest of ease, they simply don't work as anything but art. "I built 'em, I don't fly 'em," says Bosham, who has been creating a series of five "angels" over the past five years, working at his To-

ront studio and in a hangar near Tallahassee, Fla. "I'm very lucky, I suppose," muses Bosham. "In my fantasies I can see the angels flying." In the meantime, he is firmly rooted to the ground and refuses to ride in an airplane.

**"W**e're going to have a lot of fun in the weeks and months ahead," begins 40-year-old **Rita Mair**, who debated as Vancouver's newest radio talk-show host last week with a telephone interview with **Joe Clark**, the former minister of health in Prime Minister's shaky Social Credit government, resigned from his \$28,000-a-year cabinet post last month to become the AM morning coach for CBL in an estimated \$94,750 a year. Last week he also resigned his \$25,000 job as an M.L.A. to devote himself full-time to talking. Politically, Mair can mix herself with anybody, since he says he has no interest in returning to politics. "To be what?" he asks. "A senior cabinet minister in the provincial government? I've done that already. To go to Ottawa? Who in hell would want to go to Ottawa? What kind of a prospect is that?" Mair may have jumped from politics to show business, but early in his career



Architectural artist **Bosham** (left) and politician-turned-talk-show host **Mair** (right) AM morning coach

never he discovered that the two are intertwined. One of the nation's sponsors in the British Columbia Medical Association, which is running a radio campaign getting forward their side of a five dispute they see having with the ministry of health—Mair's old portfolio.

**D**espite some recent and hazardous flirtations with commercialism, the ancient and honorable game of cricket remains the domain of gentlemen throughout much of the Commonwealth world. And in the shocking, then, when Australian captain **Greg Chappell** instructed his brother **Trevor** to bowl underarm in the last over of a World Cup match between Australia and New Zealand last week. With New Zealand averaging six runs to the match, Trevor called an angled timeliness, if legal, ball along the ground that could not be struck for the necessary points. The low New game Australia 2 to 1 in the best-of-five series. Official reaction was swift. New Zealand Prime Minister **Robert Muldoon** described the delivery as "an act of cowardice." Even Australian PM **Malcum Fraser** called Chappell's directive a "serious mistake." Newspapers across Australia denounced Chappell, and former Australian fast bowler **Karen Warne** agreed that "cricket died with Greg Chappell's action and he, as a captain, should be berated with it." A testifier Chappell, who will be allowed to keep the captaincy despite his moral lapse, says he wouldn't do it again.

**M**emories of Ronald Reagan's association with Bosnia were recalled last week as his pal and former chief of staff, **William Casper**, 48, went before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee seeking endorsement as deputy secretary of state under **Alexander Haig** II. Low school flunk-out Clark, who Reagan had appointed to the California Supreme Court when he was governor, landed on his feet after an anti-nuclear nonproliferation, continued he didn't know the precise meaning of "words like détente" and was totally stumped when asked to name the leaders of South Africa and Zimbabwe. Summing up the purpose of foreign policy as "peace through strength," however, seemed to be enough for the Republican-dominated committee, which supported him 10 to 6. "This is not the place to learn on the job," suggested outgoing Democrat committee member **Joseph Biden**, Jr. of Northern California's daily, *Voice*, named Biden's with the headline "Reagan chooses outwit as minister."

—EDITED BY MARINA BOUTLIN

## A question of qualified support

*An act of foolishness does not justify media and government insensitivity*

By Barbara Arnold

There are three lessons to be learned from my detention in Maastricht, the story of which most readers of the Canadian media probably know. First, I was a fool to enter Maastricht without a visa. Let me put more strongly: I would have been a fool to go to Maastricht—or any other lawless country—without a visa. After getting their documents processed and then going free in the Indian Ocean 18 km from the place where political prisoners are fed in their cells with wires were Fools spend hard currency to prep up regimes that jail and torture their dissenting citizens. What I did was not mere foolishness. It was criminal negligence.

Of course my two companions and I didn't die or force our way into Maastricht. We simply disregarded the conventional warning of the South African border authorities and, fully expecting to be turned back, presented our visa-less passports to the barely literate Maastricht soldiers at the Garcia border crossing. Confused, they waved us through—and we were inside. Though I didn't want to do myself, I could and ought to have protested more strongly. However, in defence of my two companions, I can say the following. As young North American educated in the '60s and early '70s, imbued with the assumptions of civil liberties, Marxist regimes held less apprehension for them. They regarded stories of the arbitrary, capricious and cruel nature of such regimes as examples of red-baiting paranoia. Occupied in their minds with this left-wing error, much older right-wing error of Western arrogance. Nipping into 85-per-cent illiterate Maastricht seemed easy. Driving toward Maputo they were dead.

The second lesson has to do with the nature of Maastricht, a fertile Irish enclave, home to the vices of chaos and starvation by the Marxist economy. Even before tasting the reality of Maastricht, the idea of playing tourist in Maputo's Hotel Paloma (where Cuban and Russian "divers" stuffed themselves with fresh fruit, milk and liquor, while outside the hotel women and children sat on the pavement hoping for bread) struck me as immoral and tasteless. Hunger in Maastricht is not due

to a lack of natural resources. The South is full of fish, occupied up by the Soviet Union and Russian factory boats in exchange for the weapons and loans with which the ruling Frelimo party maintains its oppression. Amnesty International's 1988 report on Maastricht lists "detention without trial, political imprisonment and the death penalty" as major concerns. Civil liberties there are ranked by Freedom House with those of Cambodia—and a notch lower than those of Haiti and the Soviet Union.

After two days in Maputo, we drove to the border of Swaziland. It was odd saying that one can tell a dictatorship by which it enforces, getting in or getting out of the country. To my companions' astonishment, exit procedures—none exist in Canada—proved to be the only thing that mattered in Maastricht. Probably, we were arrested. I will not

and Miss' continued stay by failing to identify its "expert" at the New York University Professor John Saul, as a member of the organization of Frelimo apologists that sent out the press release in the first place. The existence of our stamped and dated hotel receipts did not, in the eyes of the media, undermine the credibility of Maastricht's Canadian friends.

But once the Maastricht government could not deny that we were detained without consular access or legal assistance for 16 days. One would have thought that the fact that we would have been enough for Canada to protest—as the British and American embassies immediately did. But an External Affairs official commented only that people waiting around Canada without their passports stamped would receive much the same treatment. A transcript in—while External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan snickered up our government's attitude "While the consequences of these detentions were undoubtedly very bad, there is no evidence that they were any worse than those to which citizens of Maastricht are normally exposed . . . In other words, there is no evidence of unusual treatment at all, there would be no grounds for a letter of protest."

Good news for Canadian travellers. Presumably this means that Canada would not lift a finger if a Canadian man were jailed for consorting with a black woman in South Africa, if a Canadian woman were stoned for adultery in Saudi Arabia, or if a Canadian of either sex were sent from a kangaroo court to a labor camp in the Soviet Union. It is hardly sufficient to say that a person has broken the laws of a certain country and has been treated no worse than the country's own citizens. Our ambassador Ken Taylor broke Iranian "laws" by rescuing us Americans.

Of course Taylor's actions were courageous and moral, and undeniably and regretful. But if what happened to us was thrown some light on the moral attitudes of our media and current government, our experience might have been of some small inadvertent use. And, since it is the tragedy of this century that many of its best men and women are in political prisons, it was a privilege for me as a Canadian to stand next to some of them, if only for 16 days.



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## DRIVING TO THE BEAT OF A DIFFERENT DRUMMER



**'Canada would not lift a finger if a Canadian woman were stoned for adultery in Saudi Arabia'**

dwell on the well-publicized details of the following 16 days.

The third and perhaps most important lesson lies in the reaction of the Canadian media and government to our core-backlash-brain syndrome. Eventually we were released from Maputo prison—due solely to the vigorous intervention of the American and British embassies, which we managed to notify of our predicament after we were detained. Canada did not help and did not protest. Media reaction was predictable. The *C.N.A.* (Happen put on the air a government spokesman from Maastricht who charged us with (a) bringing our way into the country (b) espionage and (c) not paying our hotel bills. This we did not see fit to call as for rebuttal. An organization called The Committee for the Liberation of Southern Africa circulated a press release repeating the same charges. Although my fellow journalists said it was obvious they were ludicrous, the same charge of the stonings did not become the stonings of the smear campaign launched against us but simply the repetition of the accusations. The Globe

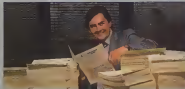
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## MUSIC

### For the record

RANDENSTADT  
The Clash  
(Rpm/CBS)

Three discs at once from any rock band is bound to invite charges of self-indulgence and overreaching. That's partly because rock 'n' roll has never been allowed the respectability that enables "serious" musicians to get away with boxed sets. However, opening with the expert fans of The Musicland Store and ending with the more bleeding of Stephen's Delight, with 34 tracks in between, there is no question this new album by The Clash is a bonanza.

Having already served notice of their musical diversity with their last album,



London Calling, and having proven themselves capable of sheer thought with their *Guns* on almost British year's, *Sandinista!* the four-piece British band, helped by many guest musicians, here take on a world of ideas and sounds, and win. There has been nothing so immediately appealing to this minor The Clash's debut album last year.

*Sandinista!*'s musical eclecticism (rap, jazz, gospel, soul, reggae and Irish jigs, to name some separate strains) first impresses on behalf of the broad-mindedness expressed in the lyrics. Though we may feel a little uneasy when The Clash start sleeping words like Marx, Engels, Afende and Sandinista in its songs, the band's protests never devolve into partisan leftish diatribes. Its message has less to do with presenting solutions than with recognizing that there are problems, announced by two major facts of modern history—that these are godless times and that the white man (and Western society) no longer rules. Luckily, The Clash's concern for public morality and the fate of the Third World is never so ham-fisted that you don't feel like dancing. Every bit as arresting as their politics are their experiments in sound.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

## OUTDOORS

# Shadows of an ancient calling

For trappers who 'harvest' their catch, death is the beginning



seasonsides free of dense drifts. The catch has been strapped to the machine. On the third innumerable muskrats are caked randomly in various cubbyholes and along the windshield ledge, while two large, stiff beavers take up the space in the rear end of the long ride back there in a cross-country skid on the trail. She gives way to the machine, waving happily to the first, reaching fast with the second and then dropping back and the corners of her mouth with the passage of the third wildlife horse. The trappers pass by slowly, the death parade reflected in her mirrored sunglasses, their image chasing their home.

*I wish I was a trapper  
I would give a thousand  
pelts  
To sleep with Pocahontas  
And find out how she felt.*

—NEIL YOUNG, *Pocahontas*

If it were heavier, say, last year's top grade. Young's night would cost him \$168,000—the price a thousand such pelts would have brought at the Ontario Trappers' Association auction in North Bay. For the December sale 204,000 animals died, the number only slightly less overpowering than the small of a warehouse jammed solid with beaver, muskrat, fox, lynx, mink, skunk, otter, raccoon, squirrel, bear and even skunk. Last season, kill itself worth of wild pelts were sold here a record, and this year is already nearing ahead of that pace. The so is thick with assets—buyers from Italy, France, England, Scandinavia, agents for Japan—all part of an enormous fur industry report market that reached \$625 million in the first half of 1989, up 25 per cent over the previous year.

In a far captain corner of the OFA warehouse, trapper Chuck Lapierre of Temagami, Ont., runs a sea-fur-lined shed over a two-day growth, shaking his head and laughing. Some of the dead-line dealers have recognized him as a trapper and have sought out his opinion on probable prices, which he has given with delight and great detail, purposely bumping his true feelings \$10 a pelt. They came upon him while he was at the

By Roy MacGregor

They have been at a since dawn opened the first seal wound on the eastern edge. Since then the day has poured through, bright and bitter, sharp winds are biting in the light snow over the swamp. Beneath the snow there is thick ice, beneath the ice a foot, a hand, a large blue arm pulling hopelessly on frozen steel. The arm surfaces to grab an axe. Ken Lehmann calls on the swimmers power that made him five times a Canadian Football League all-star lineman and, shortly, with steam now rising from the wet, he comes, the ice given in his lift. The former De Grey's player's partner, Ken Seabrook, drops into the hole, the saw sawing water rising to the chest of his rubber waders. A hard puff, a fatty burst of cold breath. The trap runs slowly from the water inside is a small beaver,



Seabrook (at left) and Lehmann with their beaver catch (top) model sports the Fendi look

barely more than a kitten, its short life cancelled between the steel bars of a CatBear trap. But here, in the dense back of eastern Ontario, there is no marking the passage of life: the men are busy and death is simply part of the work. For trappers, death is the beginning.

By afternoon, short-sleeved frozen wind, the trappers are headed home. They are wet, they are cold, their muscles are aching from pushing, prying,





named Archie (Bilney), went from near total economic dependence on trapping to obtaining the act not long after he threw upon a mother beaver on one he had set, he evicted her unceremoniously, using his one good finger to hold her baby to her breast for nursing.

"The regular trapper, if he knows his business at all," Grey Owl indicated, "sets for beaver only under ice, so the animal is inevitably and closely drowned, or else escapes the trap altogether. A dead animal, decently killed was no great matter, but a crippled beaver was a crime and the woods were full of them." Chuck Leggett once caught a beaver by its only good foot, the other three having fallen in the cruel leg-hold, and with staves like



**Musical with lucky seal (above left), pickets at Toronto for fashion show (left) and view of the Arctic Trading Company in Churchill, Man.**



these it is easy to see how the leg hold has been the subject of an angry 500,000-name petition in the United States, born in a number of states and bearing legislation (which failed in both the Canadian House of Commons and America's Congress).

It is estimated that 70 per cent of the traps set in Canada are leg-hold, a figure that is meretriciously dropping as more and more trappers switch to more humane traps such as the Conibear, an instant-kill mechanism that works exceptionally well with aquatic animals but is less successful with land animals such as fox, coyote and wolf because it is so difficult to hide Argoan one N.W.T. trapper: "If they banish the leg-hold we'll be stuck here in the barren."

Some trappers agree that the leg-hold causes little suffering because the animal either freezes to death or else the trapper soon comes along to dispatch it. But Bob Wyldon, a former president of the Manitoba Naturalists Society, calls this "the cruellest form the trapline industry, the traps should be

checked every day [and] British Columbia has laws requiring that but some of the part-time odds and ends being re-arranged to trap as a steady lucky can't check more than once a week."

It is a controversy couched in bad blood, with the arguments running from reasoned to simply defensive. "If those people down south can make their living without inflicting and ruin on us," says O.T.'s Roger Beit, "then we'll catch for without a leg hold trap."

**The fur bearer's greatest danger today is new laws based on emotion rather than biological evidence.**

—SIGNS IN THE ONTARIO TRAPPERS ASSOCIATION WATERHOUSE

Finally, Canada is about to see some of the evidence. Next month the Federal-Provincial Committee for Humane Trapping will privately deliver its report to the various governments. They will do the same publicly in June at the

annual federal-provincial wildlife conference. It has been a long, long time coming. Since the committee was established in 1954 to plan the growing anti-trapping lobby, more 20 million Canadian wild animals have died in leg-hold traps. Originally scheduled to report in 1970, the committee was forced to ask for a two-year extension despite the fact that originally, after only three years, the committee was scheduled to have found more humane traps. "After five years they'd discovered nothing," claims an unimpressed George Clements, executive director of Vancouver's Association for the Protection of Fur-Bearing Animals.

**"T**he whole question of humanness hasn't been researched anywhere," counters Dave Neave of Alberta's fish and wildlife division, the chairman of the committee. "Does a water animal suffer in a trap underwater? All the research was human and not related to animals. We had to measure killing thresholds before we could evaluate each trap."

The investigation proved vastly more costly than expected. To begin the search, provinces were asked to contribute, and Newfoundland gave \$50 (last first year, to end the search, the federal government poured in \$300,000 last year, bringing the total cost to more than \$1 million. What has been discovered is being kept secret, but sources say the committee will condemn the leg-hold trap as being intolerably inhumane.

"There was no literature anywhere in the world on humane trapping," Neave says. "Canada can be proud of being the first to achieve this." But that does not mean the entire controversy is about to end. The committee's conclusions on animal death will, to put it mildly, only further outrage the anti-trapping lobby. While the scientists did uncover signs of struggle with all makes of underwater traps, death appeared not to come from drowning—aquatic animals don't swallow water, as humans do—but from a build-up of carbon dioxide in

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## OUTDOORS

the blood. Chilled carcasses, it is, by the most cynical definition, death from absolute exposure. Hence, a trapped animal dies rapidly.

Much more controversial, however, will be the results of the committee's testing of nearly 400 different types of traps which conclude that "not a single trap currently on the market will meet the specifications." Undoubtedly, the report will be quickly followed by what one committee member calls "further chaos in the patent office."

The committee will come out in favor of the quick-kill trap, much to the consternation of dog owners. It is a solution that in the preference of those human groups not naive enough to think they can put an end to trapping. "We define a humane trap as 'death as rapidly as possible,'" says George Clements. The real tests for most of these groups will come later when the report is made public. "The big question is: Will the politicians take the committee's recommendations?" says Harriette Lash of the Canadian Association for Humane Trapping, a long-established lobby which, as a partner of good faith, took its time. They take too long to live out of public viewing when the committee was first set up. "If not, we're going to have to come out of the closet again."



Snacktime with beaver pelt: a good fall

The more militant Action Volunteers for Animals is already incorporated, even before the report's release. "The committee is just a red herring," says Wanda MacMillan. "While they're doing that, millions die in traps. The government is non-taking because the animals don't have votes."

In the end, as in the beginning, there is left the image of the trapper. Near Barrie, Ont., kind Cook has pelted to skin, but he delays the matter to tackle

Little Joe's clan in the hope that he can get him to laugh over the telephone. A year-and-a-half ago, when Little Joe was all of four days old, his parents were killed by domestic dogs. Cook took the little fellow in, fed him every two hours, day and night, and when a heart attack put Cook in the hospital, his wife, Helen, took over the feeding until Little Joe was strong enough to survive. Today he has the run of the Cook house, complete with twice-a-day sessions in the back yard. Not far from him, for Little Joe is nothing if not faithful, but simply he can't complete his biological function without the human assistance for which beavers are considered.

Further east, near Corp, it is day's end, the sun near a thin purple haze along the western edge. Ken Simbrook works in the shed of his rural home, a large, friendly, and well-used beaver lying in the clearing behind his house. As he sorts his skinned carcasses, Simbrook talks.

"This animal doesn't need killing," he says after a few minutes. "A trapper's got a responsibility to his animals. If you're going to kill it, you owe it to the animal to do it properly."

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## HEALTH

### A lowly pill's aspirations

By Ann Walmsley

Every year, North Americans consume between 35 and 50 million pounds of ASA, in search of relief from fever, inflammation and pain. Long identified with minor ailments, ASA (acetylsalicylic acid, popularly known by brand names such as Aspirin, Anacin and Band-Aid) has been taken for granted as the lowliest drug in the medicine cabinet. But studies that have been conducted in increasing frequency over the past decade indicate that the commonplace white tablet may have value as a potent medication. The latest preliminary evidence, gathered by researchers at Yale University, suggests that ASA may be effective in preventing infaracts. Those findings join a spate of studies raising the possibility that ASA may be helpful in treating such debilitating ailments as stroke and heart attack. As the "wonder drug" news rolls in, accounts of its adverse effects have been drowned out, creating fears that an excited public may misuse a drug they know little about.

In an attempt to offset the potential problem of ASA misuse, some pharma-

cists are seeking greater control over its sale and use. Throughout Canada, ASA is on a free list and in fact is not a drug by definition, meaning it can be sold in places like supermarkets, gas stations and corner stores, where no drug counsel is available. Last December, the Ontario College of Pharmacists sent a letter to the minister of health, Dennis O'Sullivan, suggesting that ASA be sold only in pharmacies. Bill Woudry, registrar of the college, believes ASA should be classified as a "controlled prescription or a prescription drug," to limit its distribution to pharmacists.

The controls are incidental to the college's real concern that a pharmacist be available when ASA is purchased to answer questions and inform buyers of possible hazards. Even now, says Woudry, some pharmacists have taken ASA off the shelves and distribute it only from the dispensary.

The pharmacists are not just crying wolf. Such caution, based on scientific grounds of ASA, are life-threatening. Because ASA interferes with blood clotting, it may cause serious drug interactions for heart or stroke patients already on certain anticoagulants for

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abnormal blood clotting. For women who take ASA in the last three months of pregnancy, there's a higher than normal risk of bleeding at birth and a possibility that the child may hemorrhage in the brain or elsewhere.

Other ailments such as stomach upset are more common, affecting five per cent of ASA users. The acidity of ASA irritates the stomach lining, and a full daily dosage of eight five-grain tablets causes most people to lose one-half to two teaspoons of blood from the stomach. Even if the tablets are buffered or swallowed with milk, peptic ulcer patients risk serious hemorrhaging and rupture from the irritation.

As well, ASA can be harmful as a cure for a hangover. Dr. Wilma Bassar, a Toronto gastroenterologist, warns, "If you drink, don't take aspirin." She cites the example of a 69-year-old man who just before Christmas drank socially on three successive days and took two or three tablets each day for the headaches. He was rushed to the hospital vomiting blood from ASA-induced erosion of the stomach. "And he was just an ordinary guy," says Bassar, "with no history of stomach problems."

Not surprisingly, the pharmaceuticals proposal isn't meeting every plaintiff's dream. Major ASA manufacturers, such as Sterling Drug Ltd., which produces Aspirin, and Whitwell Laboratories,



which makes Anacin. ASA products are their bread-and-butter items, and the companies feel the information presented on or in the package itself is sufficient. "There is a fair amount of information and cautions in the package," says Joe Klefer, director of corporate relations for Sterling. "It would be of help if someone had a condition such as stomach upset and hadn't been dealing with it before."

Sterling has invested in a possible expanding market by providing funds for

conferences and research on ASA's new therapeutic uses. So far the company hasn't felt the impact of ASA's new applications, but it clearly anticipates an upward turn in sales. Says Klefer: "I think there will be a broadening of the use of the drug once doctors assimilate the information."

The revelation of ASA's broad potential came in 1971 with the discovery by Dr. John V. Dawood that small dosages of Surgesin is RhoGuard that the drug inhibits the production of prostaglandins,

hormone-like fatty acids that cause blood platelets to stick together and clot. A major Canadian study, released in 1976 by London, Ont., neurologist Dr. Henry Barnett and his colleagues, found that moderate doses of asa (four tablets a day) reduced the incidence of stroke in men over 50 years old by 48 per cent. Strangely, the same benefit did not apply to women tested. There is recent laboratory speculation that with lower doses of about a half-tablet daily, women may also be able to use ASA to prevent stroke.

Until more clinical research comes in from other centers, Barnett still recommends a four-tablet dose. But the federal Health Protection Branch is so confident of the new findings that it will be proposing a new labelling and bottling of a reduced-dose aspirin for stroke patients which, in line with Ontario's proposal, may be sold only in pharmacies. Dr. Ian Henderson, director of the branch's Bureau of Human Drugs, predicts "What we're heading toward here in Canada is a half-tablet, about 125 mg, that is plenty for this problem. But we don't feel that people should be self-medicating for the prevention of stroke, especially the high-risk patients with high blood pressure."

In a similar vein, ASA was shown by Dr. Richard Fries in Oxford, England, to reduce heart attacks by 25 per cent in



Dr. Ian Henderson, ASA users don't know as much as they should



people who had already experienced one attack. His tests also showed cardiovascular mortality dropped by 16 per cent. Preliminary studies in more innovative uses of the drug are sending ripples of excitement and skepticism through the medical community. Findings suggest ASA may be useful in preventing heartburn and even in containing cancer.

As if that news wasn't good enough for the ASA manufacturers, federal officials are mandating test results of "a better ASA tablet" combining ASA with either dipyridazole or nifedipine for heart and stroke patients. Ultimately, government policy-makers feel ASA's pros outweigh the cons, and Henderson agrees that "restricting distribution at this stage isn't feasible." Even the pharmaceuticals admit that controls could be unfair to headache-sufferers in isolated communities, on highways and on Sundays.

Nevertheless, Ontario is not alone in its bid for changes in ASA sales. Quebec pharmacists have been making the same proposal since 1973, to his B.C., but without success. The consensus is that ASA users don't know as much about the drug as they should. And the beneficiaries of a formerly potent drug must take into account the threat of a formidable obstacle of all-the-pyrexia: heat of the user. He wants to take two of them, whatever they are.

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# The downhill thrill with a twist

Revival of an old Nordic technique is adding spark to cross-country skiing

By Thomas Hopkins

Randy Hoyer leaves the downhill skiers at Blackcomb Mountain resort north of Vancouver a little agog. Battling down the hill at 50 km per hour, he whips into a few 360° turns before he reaches the bottom. Meanwhile, the frozen sledding meadows above Alberta's Sunshine ski resort, previously scoured by zig-zagging cross-country ski tracks, are now being photographed by wide, undisturbed 8-lane tracks. Hoyer's fancy style and the unusual aspects in the move result from a recent development in skiing: the rebirth of the graceful 120-year-old telemark turn. This renewed technique of maneuvering down a snowy slope has



Ludwig (above), Gault (left), and telemark turns in the snow, creating the preserve of downhill skiers



prompted many of Canada's 2.5 million cross-country buffs, equipped with a combination touring and downhill skis, to venture into hills and ski resorts that were once the preserve of exclusively outfitted downhill skiers.

Developed by Sondre Nordheim in the Telemark region of Norway in the 1880s, the telemark turn was once the only way to prevent dangerous skiing falls. But it became obsolete in 1907 when Austrian Hans Schneider secured the heel of the ski boot with a cable binding and introduced the rigidization. Christian turn and Arnhem technique, which have dominated all modern downhill skiing ever since. To execute the telemark turn, the skier splits his legs laterally and bends one knee, forming an upright crouch like a sprinter in the blocks. As he travels downhill, he curves the leading ski into the turn, leaving the a freestyle, and then repeats the process in the opposite direction. For the novice, the turn looks and feels



uneasily, with practice, however, it becomes surprisingly stable and adaptable. Says Calgary telemark skier Steve Ludwig: "It allows you to ski well in steep terrain that used to be reserved for skiers with downhill gear."

The telemark revival has created a new sub-sport called, variously, cross-country downhill, or perhaps telemark. Throughout Canada and the U.S., cross-country skiers, both with gliding through neighborhood parks, have begun moving in two directions. Many, especially in the East, are now rising on their makeshift ski. Others are signing up for telemark lessons at ski resorts where, with their wool knickers and Anden toques, they stand out from downhillers in hot-colored nylon outfits and plastic boots. For Hoyer, president of the 66-member Vancouver Telemark Society, "making a 360° on a lone ski hill serves 'to open their eyes a bit'."

No wonder. Until recently, the technique had been the secret specialty of a few Scandinavian mountaineers and ski mountaineers. Calgary's Dr. David Rhine recalls taking telemark turns at Banff last year when a French-Canadian downhill skier stopped him. "There were tears in the man's eyes. 'As a child,' Rhine recalls, 'the guy had seen his father doing turns like that and he had never seen it done

since until that day.'" But telemarking may not remain a rarity much longer: approximately 50 per cent of American ski resorts now allow cross-country skiers on runs provided they have safety straps on their ski boots. And, there are no such restrictions in Canada.

Obviously, specialized equipment has been developed to service the trend. The shops marketing the new gear are doing a brisk business in telemark skis (glass fibre touring skis with offset metal edges) or approximately \$200 a pair and boots for about \$160. Ski companies are also manufacturing stiff telemark skis with virtually no spring in the middle, making them useless for anything but telemark runs down resort slopes. "These days," says Harold Corry, editor of the Vancouver-based outdoor magazine *Whisper Jerk*, "buying two pairs of cross-country skis is not uncommon."

Given telemark's utilitarian roots, cross-country downhill racing has led to some grumbling. "A time is coming," says Hoyer, "but because of its relatively controversial in the last year." With no races in Alberta's Telemark Series Cup (one of which is held in B.C.) and more than 30 in the U.S., critics are filled by the critics of the bare-upon telemark. They also complain about groups like the Nordic Demonstration Team of the Pro Ski Instructors of America, whose shows emphasize cross-country downhill techniques rather than the classic kick and glide. Others dislike the downhill registration and hype. "It's a waste of time," says J. J. Skerian, a cross-country instructor and telemark, "it's a perversion of the intent of cross-country, which is to get away from all that."

But the trend seems here to stay. Even though a few snowfalls in the West have so far hampered the spread of telemark this year, a dozen skiers nevertheless turned up for the first Stride and Glide Telemark Series Cup race last month at Fortniss Mountain near Calgary. The winner was a longtime mountain ski instructor Gerry Gault, but the runner-up, Rob Thompson from Red Deer, Alta., was a former alpine skier put off by the cost and apple-sia hassle. Still, there's no mistaking the undercurrent about telemark: recent Sherbrooke's Laidlaw, also a member of the Canadian Association of Nordic Ski Instructors. "As a teacher, I can't in an it, but I still think telemarking belongs in the mountains."

On the white crystal carpet above the Sunshine resort, Skerian and Ludwig prove the point, huffing to the tops of passes, then turning and flapping down on lunged 8-turns, do you in thrust out like cats' whiskers. The old telemarkers, who plotted the hills long before Canada's first rope tow ski lift came into existence at St. Snowdrift, Que., in 1939, would have approved. □

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Self-Portrait with Bandaged Ear. He did go mad but had left them all behind

power to borrow the pictures that would be needed for an overview. (She thought that the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, a major lender to this show, would be a more appropriate place.) She spent the next four years preparing an exhibition of lesser scope that would concentrate on a six-year period (1886-1891) in French painting when a group of rebel artists, including van Gogh, turned away from impressionism and evolved the style that came to be known as *cloussisme*.

*Cloussisme* specifically refers to such art forms as medieval and oriental encaustic, stained glass windows and Japanese wood-block prints. In 1886 the critic Edouard Dujardin used the term when describing the new style of painting being developed by Louis Anquetin. The trouble is that, like many "isms" that start, the word is imprecise, and it is taken to mean fields of pure color bounded by strongly defined contours, a can be applied with equal validity to the work of the fauvists, to Henri Matisse, and even to German expressionists such as Franz Marc. Weill's own definition of *cloussisme* is both vague and overused: "It's a term that has to be dealt with in terms of a reaction to post-impressionism in 19th-century art," she says. "In *cloussisme* you're abstracting and dealing with the character and the essence of the object—you're going beyond the actual object to the essence or the idea behind it. There is the continuation of the color theory of Georges Seurat, the juxtaposition of primary and secondary colors to create both optical effects and the symbolic color which has creative behind it."

In her attempt to impose a *cloussiste* interpretation on the work of the artists in this show, Weill has cooked up a post-impressionist stew full of indigestible bits of scholarly gristle. That will likely leave the unimpressed visitor to the show with the idea that *cloussisme* is important in the post-impressionist movement. However, *cloussisme* was not an important movement, but rather a *cul-de-sac* which artists like van Gogh and Gauguin—who were then major innovators and innovators—explored and quickly transcended.

Vincent van Gogh was 33 when he arrived in Paris from his native Holland in 1886 and made the acquaintance of painters like Toulouse-Lautrec, Camille Pissarro, Paul Gauguin, Gauguin and other avant-garde artists, all of whom were to influence each other to some degree. The fascinating thing about the show is that it gives the viewer a rare opportunity to trace van Gogh's progress through the freneticism and naturalism of impressionism



Langens Bridge with Women Washing (above): At the Grand Palais The Museum's heads of show

The Langens Bridge with Women Washing (above): At the Grand Palais The Museum's heads of show

while one should be grateful that so many important and often inaccessible works from private collections and overseas galleries have been gathered under the same roof (at an extraordinary cost to the city of \$1.3 million), one can-

not help but regret the glaring omissions in the show. There is nothing by Seurat or Paul Signac, whose revolutionary color theories profoundly affected van Gogh and his circle. Paul Cézanne, one of the giants of the post-impressionist movement, is missing, though his influence is obvious in works such as Gauguin's *Paradise with Yellow Sky* and his circle. Paul Cézanne, one of the giants of the post-impressionist movement, is missing, though his influence is obvious in works such as Gauguin's *Paradise with Yellow Sky* and his circle. Paul Cézanne, one of the giants of the post-impressionist movement, is missing, though his influence is obvious in works such as Gauguin's *Paradise with Yellow Sky* and his circle.



However, there are two things about the exhibition that will strike even a casual observer. Firstly, some of the finest pictures in the show are not displayed at all: Lautrec's finest draftsman's pen and delicate color modulations are closer to the work of Degas or Picasso's blue period. Van Gogh's *The Langens Bridge with Women Washing* and *The Street with Yellow Sky* are also not displayed, but supreme examples of expressionism, which led the way for the Norwegian Edward Munch and the German expressionists. The best way to approach this show, therefore, is to enjoy the individual pictures and ignore the confusion that arises from the exaggerated emphasis on *cloussisme*. Secondly,

## ART

# A terrible beauty

A glimpse—just a glimpse—into the heart of Vincent van Gogh

By Hubert de Santar

What can I in most people's eyes? A non-artist, an eccentric and discomfiting man... For me, this, I feel, is the heart of such a nobody.

The "nobody" who wrote those words was Vincent van Gogh, one of the heroes and towering figures of modern art. And a glimpse of what was in his heart can be seen in the small selection of his work that forms the core of Vincent van Gogh and the Birth of Cloussisme, the current exhibition of post-impressionist works at Toronto's Art Gallery of Ontario (until March 22). That glimpse is worth the

whole of what is an exciting but uneven show. A lack of discrimination in the choice of pictures has allowed masterpieces to share wall space with minor works by minor artists. Van Gogh, Paul Gauguin and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec rub shoulders with Louis Anquetin, Emile Bernard and even more peripheral artists such as Jakob Meyer de Haan and Maurice Denis.

Put together by Roger Weill, 68, a Belgian-born art historian who is an assistant professor of fine art at the University of Toronto, the show was first proposed in 1976 as an exhibition of van Gogh's work alone. But Weill rejected the idea of a retrospective and also felt that the Art Gallery of Ontario did not have the international palings

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## Myrtle Beach

And South Carolina's Grand Strand

*Still Life With Blue* Collect Art at the crossroads of impressionism and post-impressionism stand the kindly, paternalistic figure of Pissarro, who befriended and influenced both Gauguin and van Gogh, yet he too has been excluded.

Instead the show has been cluttered with work of marginal interest by inferior artists like Deema and de Haan. From the masters are not always represented by their best work. Gauguin's religious paintings, done during his Brittany period, are often marred by crude symbolism and self-pity, and give only a hint of the great flowering that was to come in Tahiti. In both content and execution his *Jesus of Arica* is as clumsy and unconvincing that it makes one miss Gauguin's *Arrière de Jésus*. Pissarro's *Arrière de Jésus* is the Evening is symptomatic with its violet and yellows, but his *Arrière de Jésus* is an embarrassing piece of rubbish. And his *The Dinner* still at the Musée d'Orsay is a masterpiece of the same subject. Indeed, Lautrec's works are some of the finest things in the show, and include the exquisite *Arrière de Jésus* as well as the excellent *Arrière de Jésus* and *The Dinner*.

But it is Vincent van Gogh who dominates this exhibition with the glorious, psychologically complex pictures painted under the brilliant sun of Arles in southern France. Landscapes, portraits and still lifes swirl with light and energy, the color lurched down with a loaded brush and brushed into dazzling flames. In some of the most famous still lifes ever painted, *Arrière de Jésus* swirls with an inner life of their own and swirl down blue life in a golden confusion, the part so black that the image is almost three-dimensional. "I want to progress so far that people will say of my work, he wrote to his brother Theo, the artist part of me has triumphantly he fulfilled that ambition."

In Arles van Gogh produced 300 paintings in 16 months (February 1888, to May 1889). But the toll in human terms was dreadful: he was physically, emotionally and spiritually exhausted. A year later the lonely, unstable genius shot himself. He was 37, and his career as an artist had lasted only 10 years. During that decade he created 1000 paintings and 500 drawings which established his reputation as one of the very greatest artists who ever lived. Pissarro remarked that when he first met van Gogh he had been sure that he "would either go mad or live on all of us for he had a life that was that he would be lost." Van Gogh did indeed leave most of his contemporaries—and with the evidence of this show the vision of civilization—their behind.

## FILMS

## Beauty from the creased

TESS

Directed by Roman Polanski

TESS is faithful, literally, to a literary antecedent isn't quite the name of a painting in essence. Too often there is translation without tone, or a wealth of detail overweighing the spirit of the original material. Roman Polanski's *Tess*, from Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, is no good adaptation of Hardy as one is likely to get, or for that matter what *Beauvoir* and with the flowing rhythms of the

tional and physical destitution by two vastly different men, is a true Polanski romance—a victim. As played by Nastassia Kinski, who has the same soft, inner sadness as Ingrid Bergman had in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Tess is a simple girl with an innate aristocratic manner of feeling and bearing. She assumes everyone else, including men, possess the same quality of feeling and she's wrong. Seduced by a rich, arrogant (Glen Close) and confined by it, she becomes his indifferent mistress, incorporated, her pride forces her to see



Kinski (above) with Firth (left): you can still hear all the important words

from Tess's confusion with a humane mystery similar to Hardy's, the bleak view of humanity is persuasive rather than a pose.

Tess is truly gorgeous to look at, the cinematography, Glen Claggett and the late Geoffrey Unsworth, have harnessed a tone and a place in their landscapes, and their unforced lighting effects replace the richness of imagery already brought to life for us by a tradition of English literature and painting. Tom looks the way we have always imagined a paternal English novel. Polanski's cinema is as good as ever, strongly even more graceful this time because of the insipid power of the material. What makes Tess such a pleasure is that rare quality of being unforced, and only a director unafraid of being intimately with his audience for three hours can manage that. The remarkable achievement of the movie is that, as a short-lived work of a major movie literary work, you can still hear all the important words.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

## Its drive just got up and went

MELVIN AND HOWARD

Directed by Jonathan Demme

THE first 20 minutes or so of *Melvin and Howard* are too brilliant for the movie's own good. Melvin Dummar (Paul Le Mat), who would later make an unsuccessful claim that Howard Hughes left him \$50 million, is driving along the Nevada desert and gets up an injured old bum "I have an answer to song," grumbles Hughes (Jason Robards), while Dummar sits

now, Tess approaches Hardy's tragic and theatrical view of life with consummate ease. The blend is effortlessly continued and inventive: the landscapes, the melancholy, the debilitating pride of the dispossessed, the melancholy of Victorian melancholy and the early awakenings of the Industrial Revolution. Who would have thought Polanski, celebrated as a stylish director of perverse entertainments (*Baroque's* *Polish*, *Chatterbox*) and a fugitive from the law, could have exercised such classic restraint?

On closer scrutiny, Hardy is never Polanski's sensibility: that modern moviegoers might imagine. The sense of dread leading up to the fate of Tess which pervades Hardy's work—the rose torn by the thorn in the wood—is at no great variance from Polanski's own work and Tess, betrayed into emo-

When the dust falls hopefully in love with Angel Clare (Peter Firth), the son of a person, she expects forgiveness for her former sin. But Angel despises her, driving her to her melancholy, which she has almost learned to cherish.

Tess's story to the realm of tragedy. You are never quite sure where Tess's arrows start to become self-inflicted. Seeing nothing ahead of her but a destiny of being wronged, Tess begins to attack herself to her heart as a wounded animal would. When she blames her child late at night and pines for a marriage of flowers on the grass, she's turning her pain into a ritual. Tess is sustained in her life, finally, by the very thing that makes her life miserable: Polanski and his screenwriters, Gerald Branch and John Brownjohn, register the delicate shafts of feeling among



# King Billy and his Orangemen

In the capital of complacency, the rest of Canada exists only to serve

By Allan Fotheringham

Expediency is the grease of all politics. Politicians love to call it practical or pragmatic or "doable"—the current buzzword—but what they mean is acting in a way that will get them votes, no matter how lofty the principle they invoke. This is accepted to such an extent by the voters (who have been fooled by politicians for as long as most about politics) that Joe Clark was recently ridiculed because he insisted on carrying out promises he had made while campaigning. (The unfortunate had obviously never had been fooled from an aggressive ship in the Liberal tent.)

Expediency is one thing. Sincere—that seems to mean—is another. But that seems the only charitable definition of the dilemma by Premier Bill Davis of Ontario to call an election during the coldest winter of this century. Is there a "herring issue"? Is there a governmental crisis? Yes, one could say. The burning issue is that the minority Conservative government—the longest-running government in Christendom—has been told by its politicians that it can snatch a majority on the winds of racism, as the anti-race vote. Bill Davis, that pink-checked, pipe-smoking exemplar of bourgeois conservatism, is the most expedient politician in Canada. Peter Leopold is single-minded to the point of infatuation. Pierre Trudeau is a prisoner of his own ego. René Lévesque is obsessed with giving his people equality with the beret and sunglasses. But Bill Davis, smiling Bill Davis, is superior to all of them in his pragmatism, his winking before the shrine of power—and what he will do to retain it. What he will do is not pleasant.

Ontario is probably the complacency capital of the world. Censored by a 114-year-old policy that has viewed the rest of Canada as a hinterland for the benefit of Ontario industry, the residents naturally reward their benefactors. The Tories of Bill Davis and predecessors have Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Shelton News*.

been in power for 11 straight terms, ranging back 38 years, a mandate challenged not even by Bulgarians. They have done this by appealing to the most conservative people in Canada, the comfortable burghers of southern Ontario, who are prosperous because of the alone (It is one of the reasons of the current Canadian confusion. Drive through Alberta. Drive through Ontario. Most Albertans are still not so well off as most Ontarians. Ontario doesn't understand that.) To keep these burghers



happy, Bill Davis ensures that sophisticated Toronto is the only city in major league baseball where you are not allowed to buy a cup of beer. To keep these burghers happy, Bill Davis allows his film censors to ban *Clutter Guit's The Fox Dances*, a film that has won the Cannes Film Festival and an Academy Award. To keep these burghers happy, Bill Davis is playing on the anti-French vote so as to win a majority (as he probably will in the March 16 election which will be played out in the winter slash, snow and sleaze).

Section 133 of the British North America Act is the one that gives status to both French and English in the courts and the legislature of Quebec. With its small French-speaking population, has been intimidated by the courts to honor section 133. Richard Blais's New Brunswick, with its Acadian segment, has voluntarily invoked section 133. The Ontario of Bill Davis, with the largest French-speaking community outside Quebec,

has stubbornly resisted seeping into the glue that binds this bilingual nation together—acceptance of the fact that a francophone resident of Ontario (as does an anglophone resident of Quebec) has a right to a trial in his own language. There are 100,000 children in Ontario attending French schools. In a high school in Hamilton (hardly a francophone enclave), French-language students say they are afraid to speak French in the corridors because they're tired of being called "Frags." Bill Davis knows this. So he refuses to accept section 133.

In his bargain, in his expediency blueprint, Bill Davis has made a compromise deal with his political opposite, Liberal Pierre Trudeau. The prime minister is in dreadful trouble with his meagre kamikaze with the constitutional conservatives (other Conservative provinces—Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan—oppose Trudeau's unilateral approach. But Bill Davis (thereby smiling Joe Clark) approves. Why? Because the united Ontario victory,

which supplies Bill Davis's cash funds, refuses to pay the world price for all that its international competitors must pay. So Bill Davis supports Trudeau in the fight with Lévesque—mercenary seeking fellow Tory Joe Clark in the 1990 election.

Even better, Bill Davis supports Trudeau on the constitution. In return, Ontario's Liberal-controlled constitutional committee last week agreed a resolution allowing Ontario to wriggle out of section 133 guarantees. So Pierre Trudeau, who fought valiantly against René Lévesque's Bill 161—insisting that Quebec's anglophone minority retain their rights—refuses to insist that Bill Davis grant the same rights to his francophone minority. It is what and deal with compromise. It is political. What? Bill Davis knows he has the last remnants of the Orange lights. Ontario is one of the last places where they still have King Billy parades. It is all depressing. It is—I don't like to use the word—stagnant.



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